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No. 2
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PEP COMICS
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ADVENTURE
10¢
64 PAGES
THE SHIELD!
SERGEANT BOYLE
THE COMET
FU CHANG
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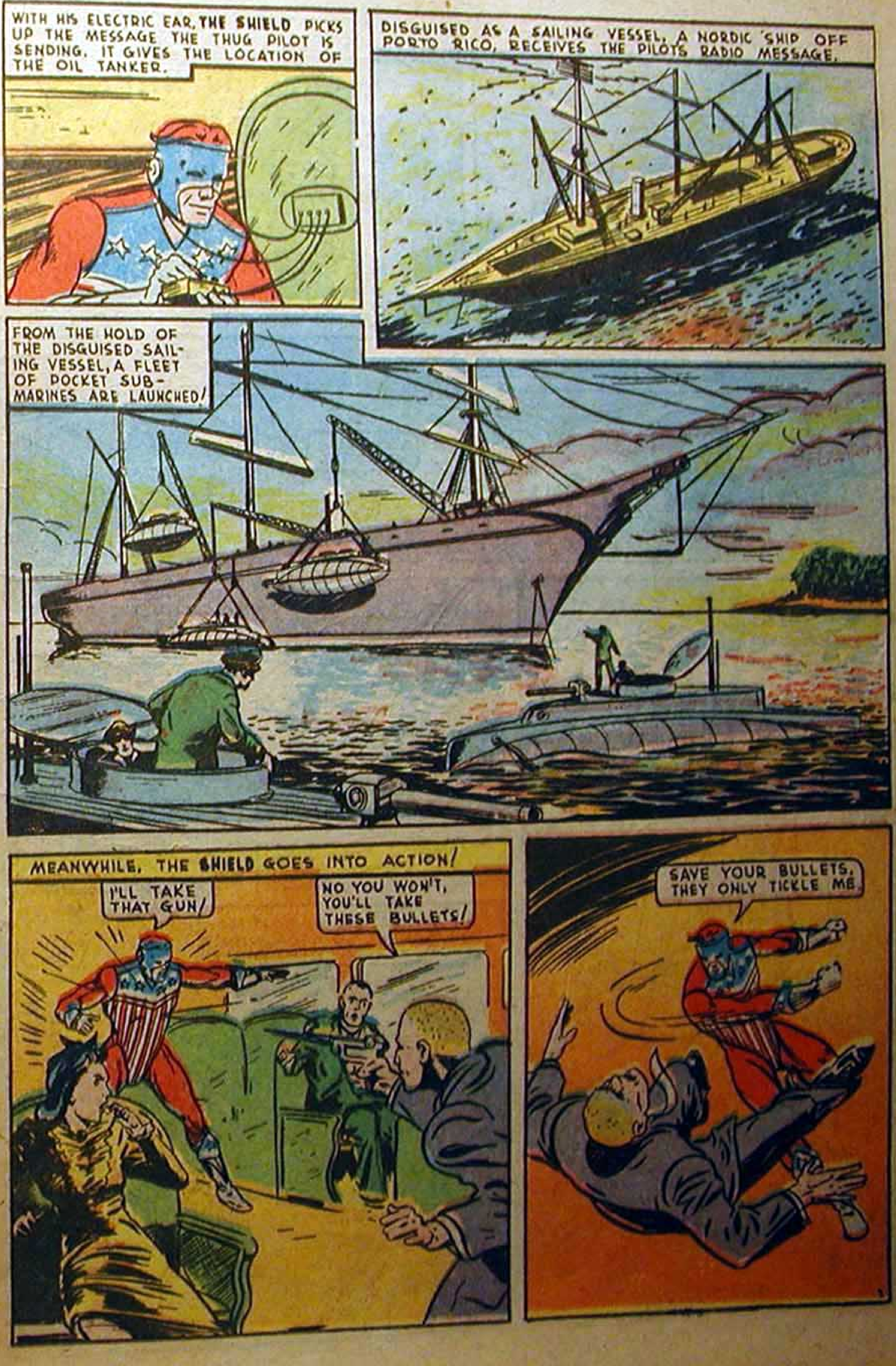


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The SHIELD
'G-MAN·EXTRAORDINARY'
BY IRVING NOVICK
JOE HIGGINS, G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY, IS THE SHIELD - ONLY ONE LIVING MAN KNOWS THE SHIELD'S TRUE IDENTITY--- AND THAT MAN IS THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I. THE SHIELD IN ACTION IS BULLET AND FLAME PROOF, AND HAS THE POWER TO PERFORM EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF PHYSICAL DARING AND COURAGE. WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET AND THE STRENGTH OF A HERCULES, HE DEVOTES HIS LIFE TO SHIELDING THE GOVERNMENT FROM ALL ENEMIES!
U-BOAT NO. 7
THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I. GIVES HIGGINS HIS ASSIGNMENT
FIVE AMERICAN OIL TANKERS HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED OFF PORTO RICO. IT IS UP TO THE F.B.I. TO DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN SIR.
HIGGINS TAKES THE AIR CLIPPER FOR PORTO RICO.

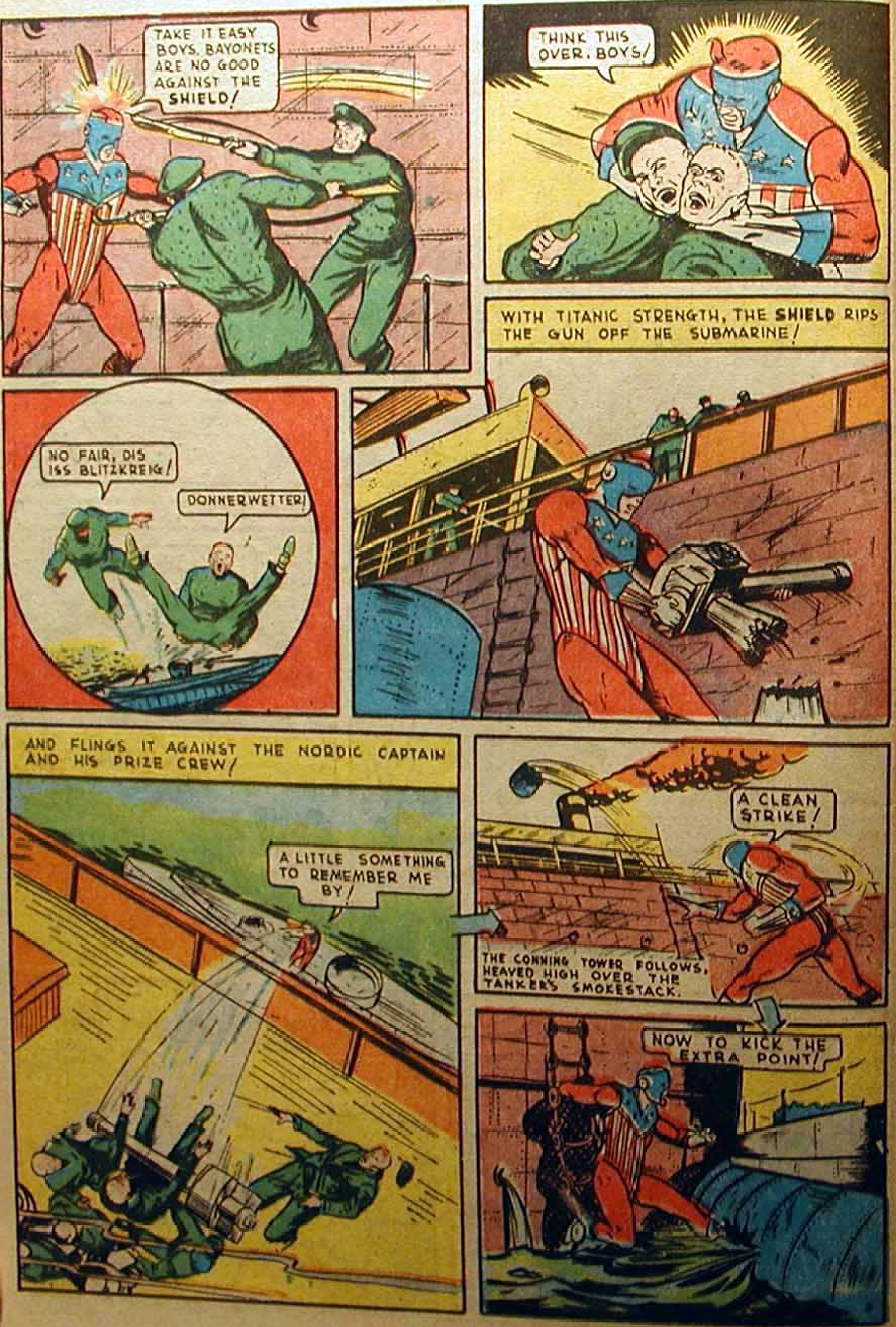

WITH THE GRACE OF A SEA GULL, THE HUGE CLIPPER RISES FOR FLIGHT.
TWO TOUGH LOOKING CHARACTERS ACROSS THE AISLE, MAKE HIGGINS SUSPICIOUS.
THE TWO THUGS STRIKE AND CONFIRM HIGGIN'S SUSPICIONS.
PILOT KEEP OUT!
SLUGGING THE PILOT AND HIS ASSISTANT, THE TWO NORDIC THUGS TAKE CHARGE OF THE CLIPPER.
WITHOUT LEAVING HIS SEAT HIGGINS REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHES, REVEALING HIMSELF AS THE AWE INSPIRING SHIELD, BUT HE DECIDES TO PLAY POSSUM, TO SEE WHAT THE THUGS ARE UP TO.
THE FIRST ONE THAT MOVES GETS A BULLET!
THE NEW PILOT ZIGZAGS IN THE AIR, AS IF LOOKING FOR SOMETHING AT SEA.
NEAR PORTO RICO THE PILOT SEES AN AMERICAN OIL TANKER.
THE PILOT SENDS A RADIO MESSAGE IN CODE TO SOME DISTANT POINT.
X-P-L-I-I-Y Z-U---



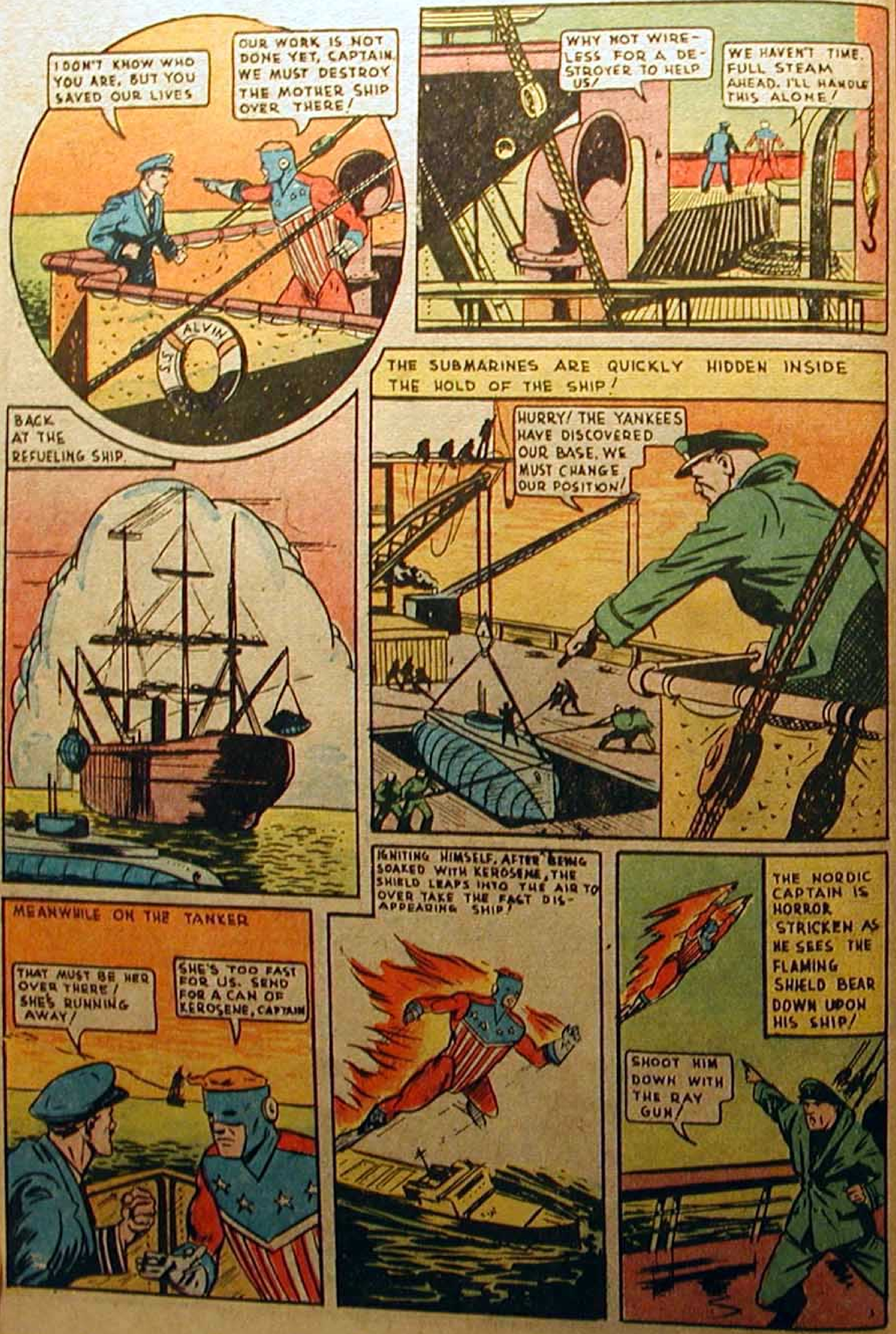
WITH HIS ELECTRIC EAR, THE SHIELD PICKS UP THE MESSAGE THE THUG PILOT IS SENDING. IT GIVES THE LOCATION OF THE OIL TANKER.
DISGUISED AS A SAILING VESSEL, A NORDIC SHIP OFF PORTO RICO, RECEIVES THE PILOTS RADIO MESSAGE.
FROM THE HOLD OF THE DISGUISED SAILING VESSEL, A FLEET OF POCKET SUBMARINES ARE LAUNCHED!
MEANWHILE, THE SHIELD GOES INTO ACTION!
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN!
NO YOU WON'T, YOU'LL TAKE THESE BULLETS!
SAVE YOUR BULLETS, THEY ONLY TICKLE ME.


C'MERE YOU! THE AUTOMATIC CONTROL CAN RUN THIS PLANE FOR A WHILE!
THE SHIELD UNTIES THE ROPES THAT BIND THE REAL PILOT AND HIS ASSISTANT, AND SECURELY BINDS THE THUGS!
YOU FELLOWS GET BACK TO YOUR POSTS I'M IN CHARGE HERE!
TURN THESE MEN OVER TO THE POLICE IN PORTO RICO!
YES SIR, YOU BET!
ORDERING THE PILOT TO SWOOP LOW, THE SHIELD DIVES INTO THE OCEAN TO WARN THE OIL TANKER THAT A U-BOAT IS COMING.
THE SHIELD STARTS TOWARD THE OIL TANKER
AN APPROACHING U-BOAT WARNS THE TANKER TO STOP, WITH A SHOT ACROSS ITS BOW!


THIS IS ILLEGAL. WE'RE NOT AT WAR WITH YOU!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO SINK YOU YET. WE WANT YOUR OIL!
BOARDING THE TANKER, THE NORDICS FORCE THE UNARMED CREW TO SUBMIT TO ARREST.
SURRENDER OR WE SHOOT TO KILL!
THE NORDIC COMMANDER PLACES THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW PRISONERS IN THE SHIP'S BRIG.
WAIT UNTIL WASHINGTON HEARS ABOUT THIS. THERE'LL BE WAR!
WASHINGTON'S DEAD. YOU AMERICANS ARE ALL DUMB.
ABOARD THE DECK OF THE U-BOAT
LOOK! THE SHIELD! FIRE!
IS THIS THE END OF THE SHIELD?
A HIT!
BUT THE SHIELD HAS ESCAPED!
AND HE COMES UP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUB
I WONDER WHERE HE IS?
ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?


TAKE IT EASY BOYS. BAYONETS ARE NO GOOD AGAINST THE SHIELD!
THINK THIS OVER, BOYS!
WITH TITANIC STRENGTH, THE SHIELD RIPS THE GUN OFF THE SUBMARINE!
NO FAIR, DIS ISS BLITZKREIG!
DONNERWETTER!
AND FLINGS IT AGAINST THE NORDIC CAPTAIN AND HIS PRIZE CREW!
A LITTLE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!
A CLEAN STRIKE!
THE CONNING TOWER FOLLOWS, HEAVED HIGH OVER THE TANKER'S SMOKESTACK.
NOW TO KICK THE EXTRA POINT!


THE NORDIC SUBMARINE SINKS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!
DOWN WENT McGINTY ♫♪
I EAT HAND GRENADES FOR BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING!
ABOARD, THE NORDICS FIGHT BACK
WITH FISTS OF STEEL, THE SHIELD DISABLES THE NORDIC PRIZE CREW!
I SAVED THIS ONE JUST FOR YOU CAPTAIN!
TELL ME WHERE YOUR SUBMARINE BASE IS, OR I'LL THROW YOU TO THE SHARKS!
JA! JA! I'LL TELL!
THE NORDIC CAPTAIN REVEALS THE POSITION OF THE REFUELING BASE OF THE SUBMARINES
THE SHIELD THEN RELEASES THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW, AND PUTS THE PRIZE CREW IN THE BRIG INSTEAD.
NOW WHO'S DUMB?
SCHWEIN!


I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU SAVED OUR LIVES
OUR WORK IS NOT DONE YET, CAPTAIN. WE MUST DESTROY THE MOTHER SHIP OVER THERE!
S.S. ALVIN
WHY NOT WIRELESS FOR A DESTROYER TO HELP US!
WE HAVEN'T TIME. FULL STEAM AHEAD. I'LL HANDLE THIS ALONE!
BACK AT THE REFUELING SHIP.
THE SUBMARINES ARE QUICKLY HIDDEN INSIDE THE HOLD OF THE SHIP!
HURRY! THE YANKEES HAVE DISCOVERED OUR BASE. WE MUST CHANGE OUR POSITION!
MEANWHILE ON THE TANKER
THAT MUST BE HER OVER THERE! SHE'S RUNNING AWAY!
SHE'S TOO FAST FOR US. SEND FOR A CAN OF KEROSENE, CAPTAIN
IGNITING HIMSELF, AFTER BEING SOAKED WITH KEROSENE, THE SHIELD LEAPS INTO THE AIR TO OVER TAKE THE FAST DISAPPEARING SHIP!
THE NORDIC CAPTAIN IS HORROR STRICKEN AS HE SEES THE FLAMING SHIELD BEAR DOWN UPON HIS SHIP!
SHOOT HIM DOWN WITH THE RAY GUN!


THE PARALYZING RAY STOPS THE SHIELD DEAD IN THE AIR, AND HE FALLS INTO THE SEA!
THE NORDICS LOWER A BOAT AND BRING THE SHIELD ABOARD.
THE RAY GUN HAS PARALYZED THE SHIELD'S BODY, BUT HIS MIND IS STILL ACTIVE!
WE'LL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE! PUT HIM IN CHAINS!
THROWING MEAT OVERBOARD, THE NORDICS ATTRACT A SCHOOL OF MAN-EATING SHARKS!
THE SHARKS NEED A GOOD DINNER, SHIELD, AND YOU'RE IT!
THE U.S. WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS.
I HOPE I'M TOO TOUGH TO DIGEST!
AND OVERBOARD THEY TOSS HIM
BUT THE IMPACT WITH THE WATER REVIVES THE SHIELD'S RAY-DEADENED BODY, AND.....
YOU SHARKS WILL HAVE TO GO HUNGRY!
HIMMEL! HE'S INHUMAN!
I HATE TO BE ROUGH OLD FELLOWS!



THIS RAY GUN WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU AGAIN.
YOU'LL NEED SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT- THIS TIME!
BUT THE RAY GUN CANNOT WORK AGAINST THE MOISTENED BODY OF THE SHIELD.
THE SHIELD FIGHTS TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE RAY GUN
HE TURNS THE RAY GUN ON THE NORDICS
HERE'S A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
WITH THE CREW HELD HELPLESS, THE SHIELD DISABLES THE SHIP BY CUTTING THE SAILS!
THE CAPTAIN AND THE CREW OF THE TANKER BOARD THE NORDIC VESSEL!
MAKE THESE MEN PRISONERS!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE AND WASHINGTON WILL HEAR OF THIS
WITH THE NORDIC CREW SAFE IN THE BRIG OF THE TANKER, THE SHIELD BLOWS UP THE MOTHER SHIP.
AND THAT'S THE END OF THAT!
IN THE BRIG OF THE AMERICAN TANKER, THE NORDIC CAPTAIN REVIVES TO FIND.......
TRUTH COURAGE JUSTICE PATRIOTISM
THE SHIELD, ALWAYS READY TO PROTECT AMERICA, RECEIVES ANOTHER DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT FROM HIS CHIEF IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
PEP COMICS


THE COMET IS THE MOST ASTOUNDING MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH! - HE IS JOHN DICKERING, A YOUNG SCIENTIST WHO HAS DISCOVERED A GAS THAT, WHEN INJECTED INTO THE BLOODSTREAM, MAKES HIM LIGHTER THAN AIR. - IT ALSO GIVES HIM THE POWER TO THROW A DISINTEGRATING BEAM FROM HIS EYES THAT WILL PENETRATE ANYTHING EXCEPT GLASS. - HE IS FORCED TO WEAR A GLASS SHIELD OVER HIS EYES TO KEEP FROM DISINTEGRATING EVERYTHING HE LOOKS AT!
THE COMET
DEATH TO ALL WHO DISOBEY!!
THE STATE OF FLORIDA IS TERROR-STRICKEN! - FOR MONTHS A HUGE AND HORRIBLE FACE HAS APPEARED IN THE SKY AT NIGHT, UTTERING THREATS TO ALL WHO DISOBEY IT! - EVEN NOW IT APPEARS OVER TAMPA!
AS THE WORDS BOOM OUT IN THE NIGHT, AN ARMORED CAR, JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS, RISES MIRACULOUSLY FROM THE ROAD AND VANISHES!!


TIME AFTER TIME THIS HAPPENS:-TREASURE-LADEN CARS DISAPPEAR, AND THE COMPANIES AFFECTED ARE TOO AFRAID TO REPORT THE LOSS!
REMEMBER, L.J.- NOT A WORD ABOUT THIS TO ANYONE! I'D RATHER LOSE MY MONEY THAN MY LIFE!
BUT THERE IS ONE PERSON WHO IS UNAFRAID:-THE COMET!
THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS WHEN PEOPLE ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE RULED BY CRIME!
THE COMET STUDIES A MAP SHOWING THE PLACES WHERE THE APPARITION HAS APPEARED
HEADQUARTERS OF THE MONSTER MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE CENTER OF THESE PLACES, WHICH PUTS IT IN THE EVERGLADES!
SOARING OVER THE EVERGLADES, THE COMET SCANS THE SWAMPS FOR TRACES OF A HIDEOUT—
TWO WEEKS WITHOUT A TRACE OF— HOLD ON, THERE'S A MAN DOWN THERE!!
BUT THE MAN HAS ALSO SPIED THE COMET
SEVEN REPORTING: THERE'S A BLINKIN' ANGEL FLOATIN' IN THE AIR AROUND HERE!!
LIKE A FIGHTING FALCON, THE COMET DIVES TOWARD HIS PREY!—


MIND IF I BORROW YOUR BOAT, PARD?
AT LAST A LEAD! - THE COMET SPEEDS THROUGH THE SWAMP, FOLLOWING THE TELEPHONE LINE TO IT'S SOURCE!
BUT SOON, THE BOAT PASSES OVER A SUB-MERGED TRIP-WIRE! -
BRRRRR!
IMMEDIATELY, THE WATER BECOMES A RAGING WHIRLPOOL DRAWING THE BOAT INTO THE VORTEX
BOTH PILOT AND BOAT ARE PLUNGED THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL INTO A LARGE CHAMBER —
ARMED THUGS GRAB THE COMET -
HOLD THAT VISOR DOWN, BOYS! - THIS GUY HAPPENS TO BE THE COMET!!


NOW TRUSS HIM UP AND SOLDER THE VISOR DOWN! MISTER COMET, YOU'VE PLAYED RIGHT INTO OUR MITTS!
WHAT'S THE WEATHER REPORT FOR MIAMI TONIGHT, REEFER?
CLOUDY, BOSS.
GOOD!! - I'VE PHONED ORDERS TO THE BOYS IN THE CITY - THE ANTHROP CANNERY IS DELIVERING A PAYROLL BY ARMORED CAR AT NINE!
IN MIAMI, THE BOSS' ORDERS ARE BEING CARRIED OUT ——
READY, SATAN - HERE IT COMES!
AS AN ARMORED CAR TRAVELS BENEATH THE UNDERPASS, A BRUSH DRIPPING WITH LUMINOUS PAINT IS BRUSHED ACROSS THE TOP!
NIGHT FALLS, AND BACK AT THE HIDE-OUT, A GIGANTIC HANGAR RISES FROM THE GROUND:-


THEN, TWO LARGE BLIMPS EMERGE. THEY RISE SILENTLY UPWARD AND CRUISE AWAY, PROPELLED BY NOISELESS ELECTRIC MOTORS!
OVER MIAMI, ONE BLIMP FLASHES A MONSTER FACE ON THE CLOUDS WITH A SPECIAL MOVIE PROJECTOR. THIS PROJECTOR IS SO POWERFUL THAT THE PICTURE PENETRATES THE CLOUDS AND IS VISABLE TO THE PEOPLE BELOW ON EARTH!
NOW, A LOUDSPEAKER BELLOWS THREATS IN A THUNDERING VOICE:-
MEANWHILE, THE COMET FLOUNDERS IN A ROOM RAPIDLY FILLING WITH WATER
IF I CAN ONLY BREAK THIS VISOR-GLASS!
SUCCESS!!
SMASH
DISINTEGRATING HIS WAY INTO THE OPEN, THE COMET BURNS A HUNDRED HOLES INTO THE SWAMPLAND COMPLETELY FLOODING THE HIDEOUT!- THEN HE STREAKS FOR MIAMI

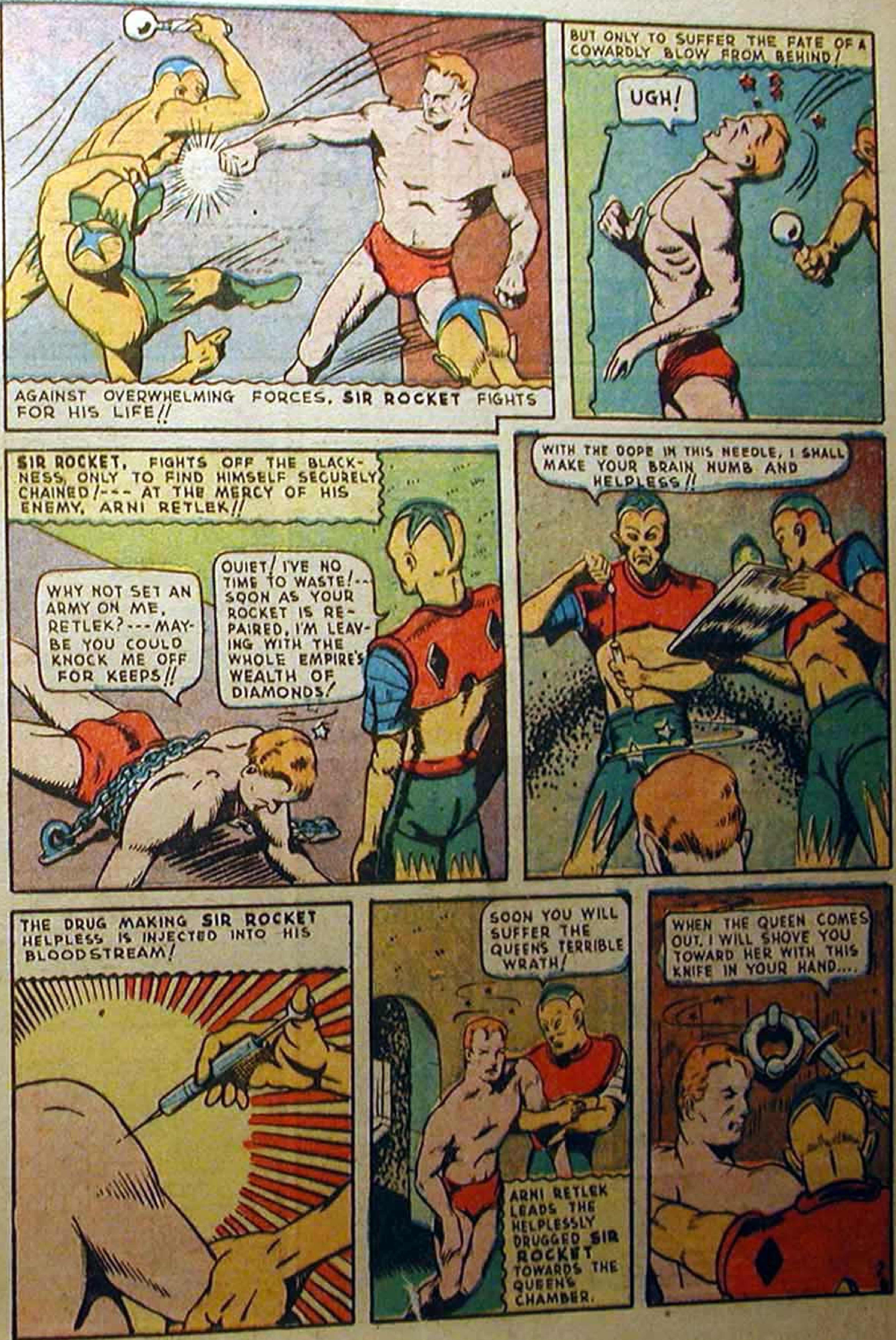


ANOTHER *COMET* STORY IN NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

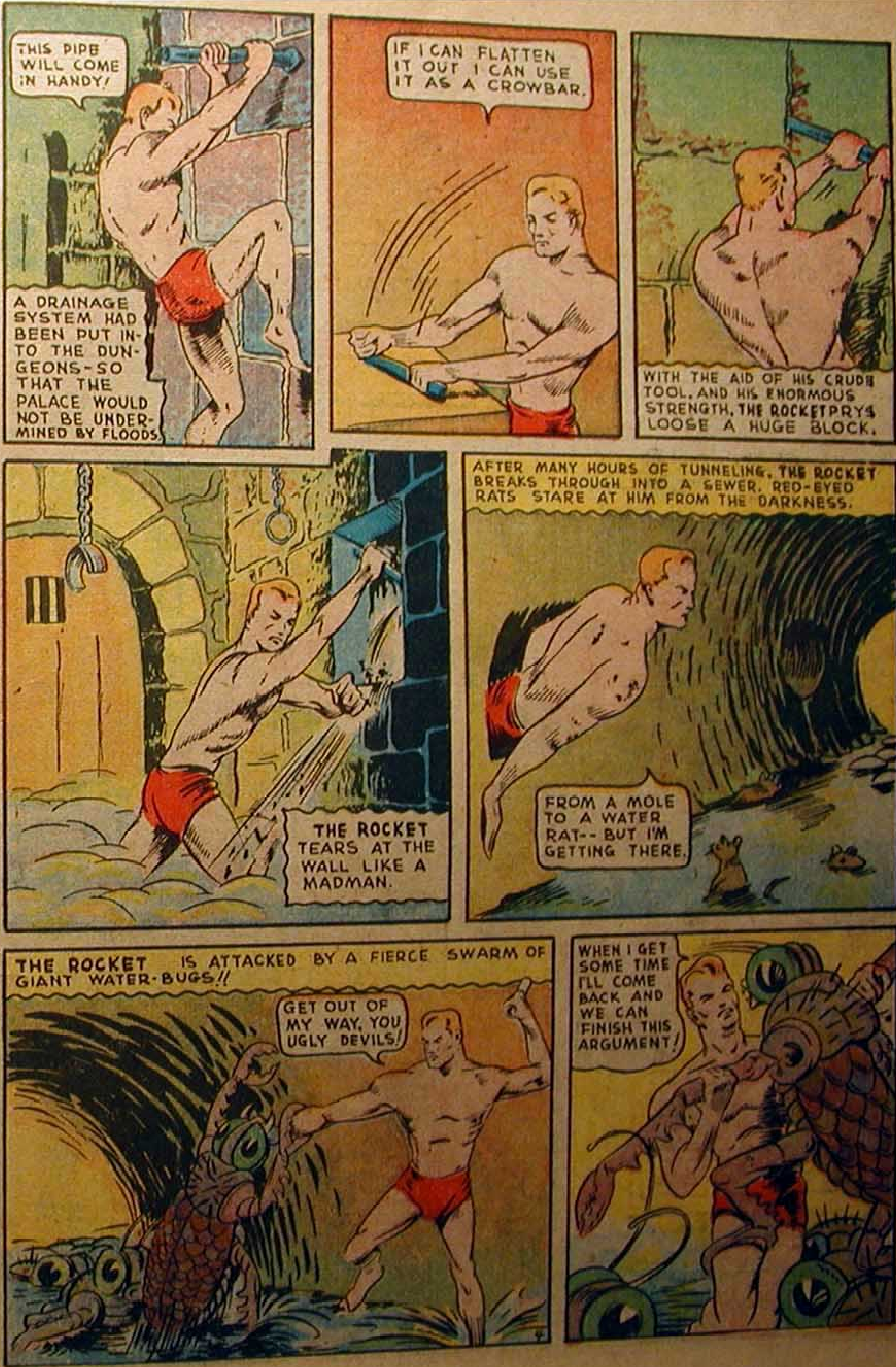

The KNOCK OUT
$10.00 GIVEN TO
- ANY ONE -
WHO CAN BEAT
"TONEY PIMENTO."
(WORLD'S CHAMPION)
(NO GIMMICKS ALLOWED)
POKEY SAW A SIGN ONE DAY—
HE THOUGHT IT WAS A PHONY!
IT OFFERED CASH TO ANYONE
WHO'D BATTLE CHAMPION TONY!
MADISON ROUND GARDEN
SURE I'LL PAY OFF IF YOU WIN!
RIGHT TO THE PLACE YOUNG POKEY WENT
AND SAID THAT HE WOULD FIGHT.
AND THEN HE ASKED THE MANAGER,
"WILL YOU PAY OFF TONIGHT?"
SOCK
YEAH IT'S POKEY'S ROUND!
ICE WATER
POKEY LANDED WITH A LEFT
AND FOLLOWED WITH A RIGHT.
THE CROWD GOT TO ITS FEET AND
YELLED. "OH, BOY! IS THIS A FIGHT!"
GET OFF! TH' ROPE
H'RAY!
ATTA! BOY POKEY
START COUNTIN'
OUCH
HE LANDED WITH AN UPPERCUT,
THEN THREW A NIFTY HOOK,
HE HIT THE CHAMP WITH EVERY PUNCH
THAT'S LISTED IN THE BOOK!
THE— WINNAH!
HE'S JUST A BUM.
DICK RYAN
POKEY THOUGHT HE SURE WOULD WIN,-
HE SEEMED TO HAVE THE LUCK.
BUT SUDDENLY HIS MEMORY SLIPPED
AND HE FORGOT TO DUCK!



The ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS
.....ONE DAY A HUGE ROCKET-SHIP CRASHED INTO THE DIAMOND EMPIRE, HIDDEN FOR AGES BEHIND ITS IMPASSABLE BARRIERS. THE STRANGER FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD, AT THE CONTROLS OF THE SHIP, MYSTERIOUSLY IDENTIFIED HIMSELF AS "THE ROCKET". THROUGH HIS UNUSUAL STRENGTH AND GREAT VALOR, "THE ROCKET" WON THE CONFIDENCE OF THE DIAMOND EMPIRES BEAUTIFUL QUEEN!!..... HE BECAME "SIR ROCKET," THE CAPTAIN OF HER GUARDS!
ARNI RETLEK GRAND COUNSELOR OF THE DIAMOND EMPIRE, ENVIOUSLY SEES SIR ROCKETS GROWING FRIENDSHIP WITH THE QUEEN, AND PLANS REVENGE.
LOOK AT HIM! FAWNING UPON THE QUEEN. LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT WE SOON SHALL RULE.
IN A SUBTERRANEAN WORK-SHOP NEAR THE PALACE SIR ROCKET DISCOVERS SLAVES REPAIRING HIS ROCKET SHIP.
FIXING MY SHIP! SOMEONE IS PLANNING TO LEAVE THE DIAMOND EMPIRE.
SIR ROCKET IS DISCOVERED SPYING BY THE VILLAIN, RETLEK...
REACH HIGH SIR ROCKET!
PUT AWAY THE CAP PISTOL RETLEK BEFORE YOU HURT SOMEONE.
I WOULDN'T INJURE THE BOLD STRANGER. I HAVE A BETTER PLAN. ---SLAVES!!
YOUR PLAN'LL HAVE TO WAIT!
THE ROCKET MAKES A BREAK BEFORE THE SLAVES ARRIVE..
BUT AS THE ROCKET STRIKES RETLEK, THE SLAVES RUSH TO THEIR MASTER'S AID!
DEATH TO SIR ROCKET!


AGAINST OVERWHELMING FORCES, SIR ROCKET FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE!!
BUT ONLY TO SUFFER THE FATE OF A COWARDLY BLOW FROM BEHIND!
UGH!
SIR ROCKET, FIGHTS OFF THE BLACKNESS, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF SECURELY CHAINED!--- AT THE MERCY OF HIS ENEMY, ARNI RETLEK!!
WHY NOT SET AN ARMY ON ME, RETLEK?---MAYBE YOU COULD KNOCK ME OFF FOR KEEPS!!
QUIET! I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!-- SOON AS YOUR ROCKET IS REPAIRED, I'M LEAVING WITH THE WHOLE EMPIRE'S WEALTH OF DIAMONDS!
WITH THE DOPE IN THIS NEEDLE, I SHALL MAKE YOUR BRAIN NUMB AND HELPLESS!!
THE DRUG MAKING SIR ROCKET HELPLESS IS INJECTED INTO HIS BLOODSTREAM!
SOON YOU WILL SUFFER THE QUEEN'S TERRIBLE WRATH!
ARNI RETLEK LEADS THE HELPLESSLY DRUGGED SIR ROCKET TOWARDS THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.
WHEN THE QUEEN COMES OUT, I WILL SHOVE YOU TOWARD HER WITH THIS KNIFE IN YOUR HAND....


HELP! HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!
NOT KNOWING THAT SIR ROCKET IS DRUGGED, THE QUEEN IS HIGHLY ALARMED!
LET US KILL HIM AT ONCE, YOUR MAJESTY
NO-DEATH IS TOO EASY FOR SUCH A KNAVE!!
RETLEK GLOATS OVER THE SUCCESS OF HIS SCHEME!
NOW NO ONE CAN INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS!
THROW THIS MAN CALLED THE ROCKET TO THE BOTTOM DUNGEONS....
STILL DAZED.... NOT KNOWING WHAT IS HAPPENING — THE ROCKET IS LED BELOW
HE WILL ROT TO DEATH DOWN HERE!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WAS A TREACHEROUS OUTSIDER
YET, HE WAS SO STRONG-AND HANDSOME!
IN THE DIAMOND QUEEN'S CHAMBER.
THE DRUG WEARS OFF AND ROCKET REALIZES THAT HE HAS BEEN FRAMED!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT SOME WAY! IF RETLEK GETS OUT OF THE EMPIRE WITH THE DIAMONDS, THERE'LL BE A REVOLUTION! -- THE QUEEN WILL BE RUINED!!!



THIS PIPE WILL COME IN HANDY!
A DRAINAGE SYSTEM HAD BEEN PUT INTO THE DUNGEONS-SO THAT THE PALACE WOULD NOT BE UNDERMINED BY FLOODS.
IF I CAN FLATTEN IT OUT I CAN USE IT AS A CROWBAR.
WITH THE AID OF HIS CRUDE TOOL, AND HIS ENORMOUS STRENGTH, THE ROCKET PRYS LOOSE A HUGE BLOCK.
THE ROCKET TEARS AT THE WALL LIKE A MADMAN.
AFTER MANY HOURS OF TUNNELING, THE ROCKET BREAKS THROUGH INTO A SEWER. RED-EYED RATS STARE AT HIM FROM THE DARKNESS.
FROM A MOLE TO A WATER RAT-- BUT I'M GETTING THERE.
THE ROCKET IS ATTACKED BY A FIERCE SWARM OF GIANT WATER-BUGS!!
GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU UGLY DEVILS!
WHEN I GET SOME TIME I'LL COME BACK AND WE CAN FINISH THIS ARGUMENT!



OVERPOWERED, THE HUGE BUGS FLEE!
AH! A MAN HOLE...
AT LAST-OUT IN THE OPEN ONCE MORE!
DARTING IN AND OUT OF DARK DOORWAYS, THE ROCKET MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD RETLEK'S WORK SHOP!
THE SHIP-AND RETLEK-GONE! AM I TOO LATE?
THAT TRAIL OF OIL LEADS TO A BLANK WALL— I WONDER WHY?
AH— A FALSE WALL
THE MIGHTY ROCKET PUSHES AT THE WALL UNTIL IT SLOWLY OPENS.
LOOK!!
JUST IN TIME!-- THEY'RE GETTING READY TO SHOOT OUT OF THIS SECRET COURTYARD!!


YOU MAKE A GOOD BOWLING BALL!
RETLEK'S SLAVES RUSH TO KILL THE ROCKET!! BUT HE GRABS ONE AND RAISES HIM ABOVE HIS HEAD AND....
FLINGS HIM INTO THE FACES OF HIS COMPANIONS!
THE PALACE IS THE SAFEST PLACE FOR ME RIGHT NOW!
AND YOU A GOOD PUNCHING BAG!
SIR ROCKET SMASHES HIS WAY TO WHERE RETLEK IS AT THE CONTROLS!
I'M AFTER YOUR BOSS. YOU SLAVES STAY OUT OF THIS!
YOUR GUARDS CANNOT SAVE YOU NOW! YOU ARE GOING TO LEAVE THE DIAMOND EMPIRE AS MY SLAVE!
STOP! BEAST-I AM YOUR QUEEN
RETLEK ENTERS THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.
LET ME GO!
HE WILL IN A MINUTE!
BUT THE ROCKET IS NOT FAR BEHIND!
TAKING THE DIAMONDS ISN'T ENOUGH EH! YOU WANT THE QUEEN TOO!
AND RETLEK FALLS TO HIS DOOM!!
IT WAS A PLEASURE, MY DAZZLING QUEEN!
---NOW THAT I KNOW THE REAL STORY MY CAPTAIN, I AGAIN OWE YOU MY LIFE!
THAT NIGHT THE GUARDS PARADE IN HONOR OF THEIR CAPTAIN!
DON'T MISS THE NEXT EPISODE OF THE ROCKET AND THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS IN PEP COMICS

WHEN THE REDMEN RODE



IT WAS not the Sioux, Cheyenne, or Commanche Indians that gave the most trouble to peaceable frontiersmen and to the American army, but the Apaches. The very name "Apache" means "enemy" and the Apaches have been the enemies not only of the whites, bu' of other Indians as well. So vindictive, bloodthirsty, and cruel were they that their name has passed into the French language to designate a murder or ruffian.

Their greatest and most terrible chief was Geronimo, who began his career in Arizona about the year 1856. His followers were picked braves, mounted upon hardy plains-ponies. He always managed to be well armed and plentifully supplied with ammunition, and his name for years was a terrror to the whites. He seemed almost to have the diabolical power of being in two places at the same time, for, with his six hundred painted savages he would sweep like a whirlwind over one part of the Territory, and then, within a few hours he would unexpectedly appear at a distant settlement thirsting for more blood and contriving the most fiendish tortures for those whom he managed to capture. The Territorial authorities had a standing reward for his head, and offered one thousand dollars bounty for the head of each one of his band.

Many tried to capture him but without success. When hard pressed, he would swim his horses across the Rio Grande River into Mexico, and there he was usually safe from immediate pursuit. He likewise despied the Mexicans and after raiding unopposed in Mexico, he would cross back at some distant point of the river and leave a new trail of blood and fire behind him. His cunning was that of a snake, his swiftness was that of an eagle, and his bloodlust was that of a tiger.

The tortures which he devised for his captives are almost too horrible to be described. Murder, outrage, and burning seemed to give him pleasure. He delighted in cutting off the eyelids of a prisoner and then expose the victim's face to the sun. He would slash his captives to pieces inch by inch, or disembowel them or tear out their tongues. Sometimes he would scalp them and after dealing some wound which would in the end prove fatal, he would leave them to die slowly and in agony on the burning desert sands.

But even the elusive Geronimo's career came to an unexpected end. The first effective blow at him was struck when the United States Cavalry disregarded international boundaries, and rode close upon his heels into Mexican territory. That alarmed the old chief, and he became more cautious for a time.

Finally, in 1886, General George Crook was sent out to capture the raider dead or alive. General Crook had a well-established reputation as an Indian fighter, and he had cleverly learned how to pit the hostile tribes against each other, pressing into his services also full-blooded Indian scouts. His force was superior to Geronimo's in number, but his horses lacked the endurance of Indian ponies, while no one knew the hills and mountains as did the fierce old chief. However, General Crook at last rounded up Geronimo and his band in a box canyon from which there seemed to be no escape.

SOLDIERS were stationed at every possible outlet, and both they and the General felt that in a day or two they would have the Apaches as their prisoners. But over-confidence made them lose their opportunity. The squads of jubilant cavalrymen posted on the trails began celebrating their victory prematurely. They drank excessively of hard liquor until even the sentinels were stupefied. Then, in the darkness of the night, the Apache leader, whose hawk-like vision had discovered the soldiers' laxity, led his band silently out of the trap and past the sleeping guards, and by daybreak he was far beyond immediate capture. This fiasco infuriated the government and resulted in General Crook being immediately superseded, and in his place was appointed General Nelson A. Miles.



The first thing that General Miles did was to cut all the telegraph wires, so that he should not be hampered by conflicting orders from Washington. He then picked out the toughest, hardiest, and best seasoned troopers, and mounted them upon the sturdiest horses that he could obtain, stating emphatically that he intended to bring Geronimo in, if he had to shoot every redskin in the whole Southwest.

THEN came a long and wearisome pursuit. The elusive Apaches turned and doubled with the skill of a hunted hare. Their mounts seemed tireless. The redmen themselves were able to cover long stretches without food or water. General Miles, however, and his command followed precisely the same tactics. It was a grueling test of physical endurance over oven-like deserts and high mountains, through deep gulches, swimming great rushing streams, clambering up the sides of steep gorges at times almost starving, and riding continuously under a red-hot sun with beasts and men almost mad from thirst. But at last there came a time when the white men won out. . . . Geronimo's day was waning.

Captain Lawton, who long afterward fell in the Philippines, with a detachment of soldiers cornered the wily Apache at the junction of two rivers near the Mexican border. The Indians were utterly exhausted. The cavalrymen who had tracked them down were as gaunt as greyhounds, yet they were ready for immediate combat. But Captain Lawton became suddenly ill. His junior officers were away on subsidiary commands in nearby country. And at that moment word came by scouts that Geronimo was but a day's ride ahead, and a quick march would apprehend him.

There was no time to summon any officer of the line, nor any chance to get Captain Lawton well enough to go on with the task he had begun. Leonard Wood, who was then surgeon on Captain Lawton's staff was the only ranking officer available to take command. The doctor seized the opportunity and with a few picked troops made a comparatively easy capture of the villainous old chieftain, a fact not generally known, for he turned Geronimo over to Captain Lawton as a matter of course. The incident was not published at the time, it was not spoken of officially, but it got about ultimately, as true revelations of rare ability always do.

JUST before his capture, Geronimo realized his time had come, and Indian-like he asked for a parley which was refused him. He was told to surrender at once or his entire band, including bucks and squaws would be shot down on the spot. The chief had no alternative—he gave up. He rightly deserved to be hanged then and there for the many infamous outrages which he had perpetrated. But the government was merciful, it sent him and his band with their papooses and their innumerable dogs, to Fort Pickens, in Florida. There Geronimo languished for a while, until he was transferred to Fort Sill, in Oklahoma.

He was an evil, crafty brute, and it is doubtful whether he ever felt a moment of remorse. In 1903, he joined the Dutch Reformed Church, thinking thus to please the Great White Father at Washington. But this promising convert soon fell from grace. He went back to drinking heavily, to gambling, and to such limited debauchery as was possible for him under military control. In 1906 he died, with the blood of thousands upon his hands, and with the epitaph which had been composed for him many years before: "Geronimo was the worst Indian who ever lived."

Every one of the Apache tribe—about five thousand in all—even those who were not involved in Geronimo's atrocities, were herded together about Fort Sill, where machine guns and magazine rifles could mow them down should they attempt to break loose and emulate their former chief. But that never happened, however, for the Indians, without their leader soon became submissive and accepted their fate as wards of the government. Thus passed Geronimo the last of the bad Indians of history, and the worst of them all.

The End



BOSTON February
WINS AGAIN
BY PHIL STURM
TED JONES EX-HEAVY
WEIGHT CHAMPION
BRUINS
"KAYO" WARD
by BOB WOOD
PACKING DYNAMITE IN BOTH FISTS, "KAYO" WARD CLIMBS STEADILY UP THE LADDER TO FISTIC FAME: CERTAIN CHARACTERS PLOT HIS DOWNFALL, BUT CONNIE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!
CONNIE HODGES.
"KAYO" POLISHES 'BIFF' BRADY OFF IN ONE ROUND.
DAILY MIRROR TUESDAY
TOUR PASTOR VICTIM OF
BARRAGE OF BLOWS IN
AFTER GIVING DICK PASTOR A BOXING LESSON FOR TWO AND A HALF ROUNDS KAYO WARD BURST FORTH WITH A SUDDEN FLURRY OF LEFTS AND RIGHTS TO SEND HIM TO THE CANVAS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN LAST NIGHT WITH 15 SECONDS REMAINING OF THE THIRD ROUND
WARD'S 10th
KAYO WARD'S TOUR A SENSATION, HE PILES UP A MOST REMARKABLE RECORD OF KNOCK-OUTS.
THE PAPERS SAY YOU'RE GREAT, KID. SAY- WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
GOSH, IT'S 3 WEEKS NOW AND CONNIE HASN'T WRITTEN.
DAILY NEWS
WARD KO'S PASTOR
WORRIED OVER NOT HEARING FROM CONNIE, KAYO PAYS NO ATTENTION TO HIS RISE TO FISTIC FAME.
GEE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK!
I KNOW IT'S TOUGH, BUT YOU'VE JUST GOT TO STOP WORRYING- IT'LL GET YOU DOWN!
well at the store. Connie doesn't like the idea of you fighting and keeps asking when you will be coming home - She misses you so. will close for now son with love from us all Mother


I'M LEAVING, LEW-CONNIE MEANS MORE TO ME THAN THE RING-
KID, YOU FIGHT RED MORGAN FRIDAY! YOU CAN'T RUN OUT ON A FIGHT- IT'LL RUIN YOU!
FOR GAWDS SAKE THINK OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
SORRY-LEW-SO LONG!
MR COMMISSIONER, I TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW-PLEASE GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME?
IT'S A SERIOUS THING, RUNNIN' OUT ON A FIGHT, MR. BLACK
HIS FIGHTER HAVING LEFT TOWN, LEW BLACK IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE BOXING COMMISSION.
-AND REMEMBER-KAYO WARD FIGHTS FRIDAY NIGHT, OR BOTH OF YOU ARE THROUGH WITH THE FIGHT GAME FOR GOOD. THAT IS FINAL, MR. BLACK!
-AND YOU CAN GET YOUR OLD JOB BACK AT THE MILL.
THAT'S SWELL.
MEANWHILE AT HOME-CONNIE AND KAYO TALK THINGS OVER-
DID KAYO WARD TURN YELLOW OR IS RED MORGAN TOO MUCH FOR HIM-WHY THOSE LIARS
!
KAYO'S FATHER QUOTES ONE OF THE LOCAL COLUMNS.
THAT MEANS EVERYBODY THINKS I WAS AFRAID OF RED MORGAN.
BUT I DON'T, DARLING-THAT IS ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS ISN'T IT?
YOU WON'T BE NEEDIN' ME ANYMORE, ED, SO I DROPPED IN TO SAY GOODBY-I'M LEAVIN' FOR N.Y.
THERE'S A RING AT THE DOOR-IT'S LEW BLACK.


ARLINGTON
WELL, IF YOU EVER DECIDE TO GO BACK TO FIGHTING LOOK ME UP, ED.
GOSH, I HATE TO SEE YOU GO, LEW.
THERE'S WARD NOW-RED.
CONNIE AND KAYO GO TO THE STATION WITH LEW
SO THAT'S THE GUY WHO TAKES A RUN OUT!
MAYBE HE'S YELLOW, LIKE THE PAPERS SAY.
RED MORGAN AND HIS MANAGER MEET UP WITH THEM.
LAY OFF, MORGAN, OR YOU'LL BE SORRY!
OH YEAH?
MORGAN'S INSULTS GET THE BEST OF KAYO, WHO IS ABOUT READY TO MIX WITH HIM-AS-
NOT NOW-EDDIE-YOU SETTLE WITH MR. MORGAN IN THE RING.
WITH PLEASURE, LADY!
-CONNIE STEPS BETWEEN THEM.
-AND I WANT YOU TO GIVE MORGAN THE BEATING OF HIS LIFE!
REALLY-CONNIE!
INFURIATED BY THE REMARKS CAST AT "KAYO," CONNIE URGES HIM TO GO BACK TO FIGHTING-
WHACK
SEE THAT-I TELL YOU HE HITS LIKE DYNAMITE!
SLICK AND RED WON'T LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!
INCENSED BY THE EPISODE AT THE STATION, KAYO LOSES NO TIME GETTING INTO SHAPE AND SHOWS NO MERCY WITH HIS PARTNERS.
HE FINISHES THEM SPARRING PARTNERS LIKE THEY WAS BABIES-HE'S GOT A PUNCH LIKE A MULE!
OH YEAH-I'LL SLOW HIM DOWN ABIT-
AT "RED" MORGAN'S CAMP-THE TWO STOOGES REPORT THE DOINGS IN THE WARD CAMP-
QUICK-HERE HE COMES! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
GOSH, CONNIE, I'M GLAD YOU WANTED ME TO GO BACK TO FIGHTING-YOU WON'T BE SORRY.
SLICK LOSES NO TIME GETTING STARTED WITH HIS DIRTY WORK-TWO STRANGERS AWAIT KAYO AS HE NEARS THE ARENA THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT.



SHAY-AIN'T THIS THE YELLOW QUIT-TER, KAYO WARD?
HIC-SURE THATSH HIM, AN' WHAT A SWELL DAME HE'S GOT WISH HIM.
SAY-
TWO DRUNKS EMERGE FROM THE PARKED CAR AND APPROACH CONNIE AND KAYO.
YOU BETTER APOLOGIZE QUICK, WISE GUY OR YOU MIGHT BE SORRY!
-HIC-ME APOLOGIZE PHOOEY ON YOUEY.
OH YEAH?
YOU OUGHTA KNOW BETTERN T'TALK THAT WAY IN FRONT OF A LADY!
STOP IT, EDDIE-YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT IN A FEW MINUTES.
SERVES THEM RIGHT!
WASSAMATTER-WAKE UP, ELMER?
THAT'S ENOUGH, KID-WE GOTTA GO NOW.
KAYO SPARS IN HIS DRESSING ROOM AS THE FIGHT NEARS
TELEGRAM MR. WARD!
KAYO WARD


WESTERN UNION
KAYO WARD
BOSTON GARDEN
MAN HIT BY YOU IN STREET FIGHT DYING-DON'T LEAVE TOWN UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.
GEORGE KENT
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
THIS ALL SOUNDS TOO FISHY TO ME, DEAR-I'M GOING TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT IT!
YOU GO IN AND LICK RED MORGAN- I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
AND SO, AS KAYO IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE RING, CONNIE LEAVES-
AND THERE'S THE BELL FOR THE FIRST ROUND- THEY MEET IN THE CENTER OF THE RING-WARD LOOKS WORRIED-HE DOSEN'T SEEM HIS USUAL SELF!
SO YOU'RE THE GREAT "KAYO" WARD, WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE SO TOUGH-EH?
FRIGHTENED BY THE THOUGHT OF THE MAN DYING, KAYO IS AFRAID TO GO IN AND PUNCH -LEAVING HIMSELF OPEN-MORGAN IS QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE.
STILL AFRAID TO FIGHT, KAYO MEETS A BARRAGE OF BLOWS ROUND AFTER ROUND-TAKING AN AWFUL BEATING-IT LOOKS LIKE A KNOCKOUT.
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
MEANWHILE, CONNIE'S QUICK THINKING HAS UNCOVERED SOMETHING-
SIX! SEVEN!
CLANG!
WEAKENED BY MORGAN'S BLOWS, KAYO HITS THE CANVAS- BUT IS SAVED BY THE BELL.



THAT TELEGRAM WAS A FAKE, EDDIE! I PHONED THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND HE DIDN'T SEND ANY TELEGRAM
Y'HEAR THAT, KID? ANOTHER OF SLICK'S TRICKS-NOW GET IN THERE AND KNOCK MORGAN'S BLOCK OFF!
AS KAYO IS CARRIED TO HIS CORNER-CONNIE RUSHES TO THE RINGSIDE AND TELLS HIM OF THE TRUTH-
THERE'S THE BELL FOR ROUND 13 OF THE SCHEDULED 15-ROUND BOUT-MORGAN HAS PILED UP SO MANY POINTS THAT KAYO'S ONLY CHANCE FOR VICTORY IS BY A KO
RELIEVED OF THE MENTAL STRAIN-KAYO RUSHES OUT WITH THE BELL, SHOWERING A FLURRY OF BLOWS.
BOTH MORGAN AND THE CROWD ARE STARTLED-KAYO TEARS IN LIKE A MAD TIGER, WITH A SERIES OF FURIOUS HOOKS AND JABS.
BEFORE THE SURPRISED MORGAN CAN REGAIN HIS SENSES, THE FEROCIOUS ONSLAUGHT HAS HIM GROGGY-
LEFTS-RIGHTS-WHERE DO THEY ALL COME FROM-IT LOOKS LIKE THE END-KAYO HAS HIS MAN SET FOR THE KILL-THEN A TERRIFIC LEFT TO THE JAW-DOWN GOES MORGAN.
THE CROWD IS STUNNED BY KAYO'S SUDDEN REVERSAL OF FORM-8-9-10-IT'S ALL OVER! WARD IS A STEP NEARER THE HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN.
THE WINNAH!
NOW, WHEN I SETTLE WITH MORGAN'S MANAGER-SLICK-MY NIGHTS WORK WILL BE FINISHED.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY KAYO-THE BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS ALREADY BEATEN YOU TO IT-
NEXT MONTH! ANOTHER THRILLING KAYO WARD ADVENTURE IN PEP COMICS!
6


SERGEANT BOYLE
BY BIRO
THAT MESSENGER FROM GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IS LONG OVERDUE. I HOPE THOSE SNIPERS DIDN'T GET HIM. CALL SERGEANT BOYLE
BECAUSE OF HIS BRAVERY UNDER FIRE, AND HIS UNFAILING ABILITY AS A LEADER OF MEN, HEADQUARTERS CALLS IN ANY EMERGENCY, FOR THEIR NO.1 SOLDIER. SERGEANT BOYLE, AMERICAN ACE OF THE BRITISH ARMY!
WE'VE LOST TWO MESSENGERS IN THAT SNIPER INFESTED FOREST.
TAKE YOUR SQUAD AND CLEAN IT OUT! YOU MUST FIND THAT MESSENGER!
SERGEANT BOYLE REPORTS
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED MEN
THE GERMAN SNIPERS BEGIN THEIR DEADLY WORK
TAKE COVER!
OH!
SERGEANT BOYLE GOES INTO ACTION
OK MEN-- SURROUND THE WOODS- BUT KEEP LOW AND ON YOUR TOES!
A LITTLE FIRE WILL SMOKE THOSE RATS OUT OF THEIR HOLES!

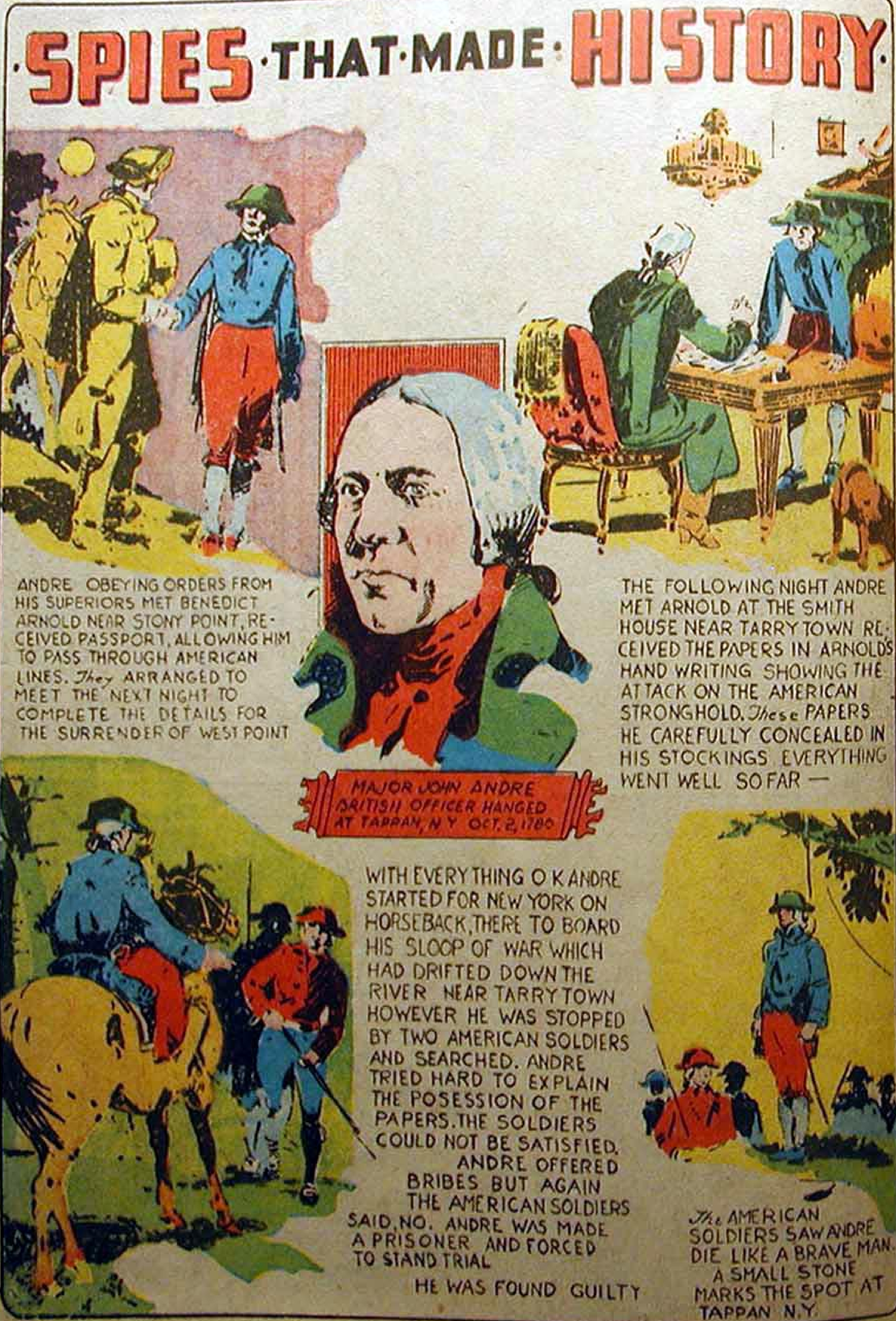

UP WITH YOUR MITTS HEINIE!
THE HUNS RUN OUT OF THE BURNING WOODS AND INTO THE ARMS OF BOYLES SQUADRON THE FOREST IS CLEAR!
CORPORAL, YOU AND THE MEN WILL TAKE THOSE RATS BACK TO HEADQUARTERS- I'M FINDING THAT MESSENGER!
YES SIR-
BOYLE LEAVES HIS MEN AND TACKLES THE DANGEROUS TASK OF FINDING THE MISSING ENGLISH MESSENGER . . .
BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES, BOYLE SIGHTS A TRENCH GUARDED BY A LONE SENTRY . . . . .
MEEOW MEEOW
HERE KITTY-PSS PSSSSS PSS PSS
BOYLE TRIES A RUSE. HE IMITATES A CAT
PRRRR PRRRR
THIS IS THE CAT'S MEOW!
AND THE RIGHT, IS THE HAYMAKER!
I'LL CHANGE CLOTHES WITH THIS HEINIE AND STAND GUARD IN HIS PLACE
PLEASANT DREAMS
AND BOYLE STANDS GUARD


YOU WILL TAKE THIS FALSE ORDER TO YOUR ENGLISH GENERAL
SO, THE MESSENGER IS A SPY- NO WONDER HE ALWAYS GOT THRU THE WOODS
WHILE STANDING GUARD, BOYLE LEARNS A STARTLING FACT!
LET HIM GO.... I'LL HANG AROUND TILL I CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S REALLY UP!
I'M GLAD YOU GOT THROUGH, THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT.
BACK AT BRITISH HEADQUARTERS.
BATTALION 1-2-3 TO THE SOUTH- IMMEDIATLY! YES! THOSE ARE ORDERS
TO DECIFER-READ EACH WORD FROM THE RIGHT-THE GERMAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, DECIFERED THEN CHANGE NORTH TO SOUTH IN THE MESSAGE. THIS MAY COST THE ENGLISH THOUSANDS OF LIVES, AND POSSIBLY THE WAR-
TNEGRU
SNAMREG LLIW KCATTA NO
[HTUOS]- ECNAVDA
ERITNE SNOILATTAB
ENO-OWT-DNA-EERHT
ELBUOD EMIT
Brigadier General
E
S
N
W
THIS VILL BE THE END OF THOSE ENGLISH-THEY FELL FOR OUR TRICK- VE VILL ATTACK ON THE NORTH VERE THEY ARE NOW UNPROTECTED
SERGEANT BOYLE OVERHEARS THE GERMAN'S REAL PLAN
I MUST WARN THE GENERAL IN TIME
HIS UNCANNY INSTINCTS GIVE SERGEANT BOYLE THE ABILITY TO DODGE THE HUN BULLETS AS HE RACES BACK TO HIS OWN LINES,


BUT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE LET ME TRY PLEASE!
O.K. BOYLE AS YOU SAY. THAT SPY WHO BROUGHT THE MESSAGE IS IN THE BARRACKS
BACK AT HEADQUARTERS SERGEANT BOYLE FINDS THAT HE IS TOO LATE- THE ENTIRE BRITISH ARMY IS ALREADY ON THE SOUTH-
SPRECKEN ZIE DEUCTH MR. SPY?
WE'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR GERMAN GENERAL, AND YOU TELL HIM WHAT I TOLD YOU, OR ELSE-
ANYTHING YOU SAY- BUT DON'T HIT ME ANYMORE
BOYLE FORCES THE SPY BACK TO THE GERMAN DUGOUT WITH A COUNTER SPY MESSAGE.
IS DOT VOT YOU SAY TRUE?
YES SIR THEY DID NOT FALL FOR THE TRICK- THEY ARE INSTEAD GOING TO THE NORTH
KNOWING THE SPY, THE GERMANS PERMIT THEM TO PASS. UNDER COVER OF BOYLE'S GUN HE GIVES THE FALSE INFORMATION
YA, YOU HEARD ME- CANCEL ALL PREVIOUS ORDERS. ADVANCE ENTIRE ARMY INSTEAD TO THE SOUTH-
THE GERMAN GENERAL BARKS ORDERS
NO! NO! GENERAL THAT INFORMATION I GAVE YOU WAS FALSE- HE MADE ME DO IT!
BYE FOR NOW
THE SPY TAKES A CHANCE
HELLO HELLO HELLO
THE GERMAN GENERAL GRABS THE PHONE TO CANCEL THE ORDERS HE HAD GIVEN BUT...
BOYLE RIPS THE PHONE WIRES AND THE ORDERS REMAIN.


HE BITES THE PIN FROM HIS GRENADE
ONCE THERE WAS A LITTLE DUGOUT!
AND THEN THROWS IT INTO THE HEADQUARTERS DOORWAY!
PARDON ME FOR NOT KNOCKING GENTS!
THE HUNS ARE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP- BOYLE FINDS A HOLE AND DIVES IN.
WELL YOU PHONEY GENERALS, LETS SEE HOW YOU'D FIGHT THIS WAR
ONE BY ONE THE DUTCHMEN COME FLYING OUT OF THE HOLE - THE SPY MESSENGER NOW HAS TWO BLACK EYES!
NOT A GOOD LEFT HOOK IN THE CAR LOAD
BOYLE TIES THEM TO THE BACK OF A HEADQUARTERS CAR.


THE GERMAN ARMY ADVANCES ON THE SOUTH AND IS MET AND ROUTED BY THE BRITISH — THANKS TO **SERGEANT BOYLE!**
I THINK I'LL ASK FOR A LEAVE OF ABSENCE. I'D LIKE TO GO TO PARIS FOR A LITTLE EXCITEMENT!
AND SO ENDS ANOTHER *THRILLING* ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF — **SERGEANT BOYLE!** FOLLOW HIM EVERY MONTH IN **PEP COMICS**



·SPIES·THAT·MADE·HISTORY·
ANDRE OBEYING ORDERS FROM HIS SUPERIORS MET BENEDICT ARNOLD NEAR STONY POINT, RECEIVED PASSPORT, ALLOWING HIM TO PASS THROUGH AMERICAN LINES. They ARRANGED TO MEET THE NEXT NIGHT TO COMPLETE THE DETAILS FOR THE SURRENDER OF WEST POINT
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE BRITISH OFFICER HANGED AT TAPPAN, N.Y OCT. 2, 1780
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT ANDRE MET ARNOLD AT THE SMITH HOUSE NEAR TARRY TOWN RECEIVED THE PAPERS IN ARNOLD'S HAND WRITING SHOWING THE ATTACK ON THE AMERICAN STRONGHOLD. These PAPERS HE CAREFULLY CONCEALED IN HIS STOCKINGS EVERYTHING WENT WELL SO FAR —
WITH EVERY THING O K ANDRE STARTED FOR NEW YORK ON HORSEBACK, THERE TO BOARD HIS SLOOP OF WAR WHICH HAD DRIFTED DOWN THE RIVER NEAR TARRY TOWN HOWEVER HE WAS STOPPED BY TWO AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SEARCHED. ANDRE TRIED HARD TO EXPLAIN THE POSESSION OF THE PAPERS. THE SOLDIERS COULD NOT BE SATISFIED. ANDRE OFFERED BRIBES BUT AGAIN THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS SAID, NO. ANDRE WAS MADE A PRISONER AND FORCED TO STAND TRIAL
HE WAS FOUND GUILTY
The AMERICAN SOLDIERS SAW ANDRE DIE LIKE A BRAVE MAN. A SMALL STONE MARKS THE SPOT AT TAPPAN N.Y.


THE DAILY EXPRESS
MORONIA BUND THREATENS EDITOR
PRESS GUARDIAN
THE EDITORS OF THE DAILY EXPRESS REFUSE TO BE INTIMIDATED BY ANONYMOUS LETTERS. COWARDLY, UN-AMERICAN FOLLOWERS OF THE DICTATOR OF MORONIA HAVE THREATENED TO DESTROY OUR PRESSES UNLESS THIS PAPER PRAISES HIS CRUEL AND INHUMAN POLICIES. INSTEAD OF BOWING TO THEIR DEMANDS, THE DAILY EXPRESS VOWS TO TRACK DOWN THESE SCOUNDRELS WHO SEEK TO DESTROY AMERICAN LIBERTIES.
WE KNOW THAT VON BLOTZ, LEADER OF THE MORONIA BUND, (PICTURED ON THIS PAGE) IS ONLY A STOOGE FOR THE "HIGHER-UPS," AND THE DAILY EXPRESS PLEDGES TO BRING THESE PLOTTERS TO JUSTICE--- IF OUR JOB IS NOT DONE FIRST BY THAT VALIANT MAN OF MYSTERY KNOWN AS "THE PRESS GUARDIAN."
DICTATOR VON KRASNER
VON BLOTZ
EDITOR OF DAILY EXPRESS
BY MORT MESKIN
PERRY CHASE, PLAYBOY SON OF THE PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY EXPRESS, BEGS FOR A CHANCE TO WORK ON THE MORONIA BUND CASE.
THEY'LL THINK I'M SO STUPID THAT NO ONE WILL SUSPECT ME.
THIS IS A MAN'S JOB.
YOU STICK TO SOCIETY REPORTING.
DISREGARDING HIS FATHER'S COMMANDS, PERRY PREPARES TO ASSUME HIS ROLE AS "THE PRESS GUARDIAN"!
A MAN'S JOB, IS IT? I'LL SHOW THEM!
OUR BUND IS IN DANGER SO LONG AS THESE NEWSPAPERS OPPOSE US.
GENTLEMEN, WE MUST WAIT FOR ORDERS FROM OUR CHIEF!
UNDER A FALSE NAME, PERRY HAS JOINED THE MORONIA BUND. BELIEVING HE IS TOO STUPID TO UNDERSTAND WHAT GOES ON AROUND HIM, THE LEADERS GIVE HIM A JOB AS JANITOR AT THEIR HEAD QUARTERS.


VON LEO, MOST FANATICAL OF THE MORONIABUND LEADERS, HAS HIS OWN PLANS
A BOMB! I BETTER FOLLOW HIM!
UNAWARE THAT HE IS FOLLOWED, VON LEO, STARTS ON HIS DEADLY ERRAND, BUT THE PRESS GUARDIAN IS ON HIS TRAIL!
TAXI
VON LEO ARRIVES IN THE PRESS ROOM OF THE DAILY EXPRESS, BUT THE PRESS GUARDIAN IS NOT FAR BEHIND
WE WILL NEVER BE BOTHERED BY THE DAILY EXPRESS AGAIN. I SHALL SEE TO THAT!
OH, NO, YOU WON'T. I SHALL SEE TO THAT!
WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME NO ONE KNOWS! BUT YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF ME AS THE PRESS GUARDIAN
THE PRESS GUARDIAN, EH? THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
AND VON LEO OPENS FIRE!



YOU'LL HAVE TO GET BETTER AMMUNITION THAN THAT TO KILL THE PRESS GUARDIAN!
SO? SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS?
NO ONE SHALL STOP ME NOW!
WITH ONE BLOW I WIPE OUT DICTATOR VON KRASNER'S TWO WORST ENEMIES, THE DAILY EXPRESS AND THE PRESS GUARDIAN!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
BUT THE PRESS GUARDIAN IS STILL VERY MUCH IN THE PICTURE!
IN THE HEAT OF THE FIGHT, THE PRESS GUARDIAN IGNORES THE FAST BURNING BOMB FUSE ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY, AND BATTLES TO OVERPOWER THE FRANTIC VON LEO
THE BOMB! IT WILL GO OFF ANY SECOND AND KILL US BOTH!
WILL BOTH THE ENEMY AND THE DEFENDER OF THE PRESS BE KILLED IN THE BLAST? CAN EITHER ONE ESCAPE?



THIS SHOULD HOLD YOU!
STILL DAZED, PERRY STUMBLES WEAKLY TOWARDS THE BOMB!
I'VE GOT TO GET IT. I MUST SAVE THE PAPER!
AS THE BOMB SAILS OUT THE WINDOW AND INTO THE RIVER, VON LEO AGAIN RUSHES TO THE ATTACK!
THIS CROWBAR WILL CRUSH YOUR SKULL LIKE AN EGG!
ONCE MORE THE PRESS GUARDIAN'S MIRACULOUS STRENGTH HAS SAVED HIM FROM DEATH!
HERE GOES A DISH OF SCRAMBLED EGGS
HELP!


THE NEXT DAY.
SOCIETY REPORTING IS A BORE, DAD. WHY DON'T YOU LET ME WORK ON SOMETHING BIG; LIKE THE MORONIA BUND THREAT CASE?
YOU WORK ON THAT! YOU DIDN'T HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE PRESS GUARDIAN WHEN HE WAS RIGHT HERE IN THE BUILDING LAST NIGHT!
I DON'T KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE PRESS GUARDIAN? HA. HA. IF DAD ONLY KNEW!
THE ENRAGED LEADERS OF THE MORONIA-BUND HAVE MET IN SPECIAL COUNCIL, TRYING TO LEARN WHY THEIR COLLEAGUE'S ATTEMPT TO BOMB THE DAILY EXPRESS FAILED.
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED BY A SPY; NOT ONLY DID HE PREVENT VON LEO, FROM DESTROYING THE DAILY EXPRESS, BUT HE DID AWAY WITH VON LEO. WE MUST DISCOVER THIS SECRET ENEMY!
DEATH TO TRAITORS!
THE SPY! I'VE FOUND HIM!
HE'S GOING INTO THE ARSENAL CHAMBER.
AFTER HIM! DON'T LET HIM OUT ALIVE!
TRAPPED!
AFTER HIM!
WILL PERRY'S QUICK WIT AND COURAGE ENABLE HIM TO GET OUT OF THIS UNDERGROUND CHAMBER ALIVE?


WITH AN AMAZING LEAP, PERRY GRABS A VENTILATOR COVER.
IT'S A GOOD THING I REMEMBERED THIS!
I'M LOST IF I CAN'T REACH IT!
MADE IT! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET BACK BEFORE ANY OF THEM GET OUT!
NONE OF THEM WILL BE ABLE TO GET UP THAT VENTILATOR, SO I GUESS THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT FOR A WHILE.
NOW THAT YOU'VE NOTIFIED THE SECRET SERVICE, COME FOR ME IN THE PLANE, I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU ON THE ROOF!
GOOD OLD BALDWIN. I KNEW HE'D GET HERE IN TIME!
GET GOIN' YOU YELLOW MUGS!
AS A RESULT OF THE BRILLIANT WORK OF THE PRESS GUARDIAN, THE VICIOUS MORONIABUND LEADERS ARE HEADED DOWN A ONE-WAY TRACK TO PRISON, WHERE THEY BELONG.
PERRY'S VALET, THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THAT PERRY IS THE PRESS GUARDIAN, HAS ARRIVED IN TIME TO PREVENT PERRY FROM HAVING TO REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY. ONCE MORE THE PRESS GUARDIAN HAS FOILED AN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE FREEDOM OF THE DAILY EXPRESS.
FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE PRESS GUARDIAN SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS



FU CHANG
International
DETECTIVE
Streeter
FU CHANG, CHINESE SCHOLAR AND DETECTIVE, IS HEIR TO THE MIRACULOUS SECRETS OF ALADDIN, AND USES THEM ONLY TO BRING PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO THE PEOPLE OF HIS CHINATOWN,--- BUT HE HAS MANY EVIL ENEMIES WHO HATE AND FEAR THE MYSTERIOUS MR. FU CHANG..
THE TIME IS AT HAND FOR OUR GREAT TRIUMPH.
YES! OUR DEVIL-MASTER WILL WIN FOR US THE RULE OF CHINATOWN!
HEADS OF THE TIGER-DEVIL WORSHIP CULT PLOT.
BUT WE CANNOT SUCCEED UNLESS FU CHANG, THE DETECTIVE IS DESTROYED.
WE WILL TAKE FU CHANG BY SURPRISE AND END HIS MEDDLING FOR GOOD.
THEY MEAN TO HARM FU CHANG.
FU CHANG PASSES UNSUSPECTING----BUT TAY MING, WHO ADORES HIM, HEARS THE CONVERSATION.
I MUST FIND FU CHANG AND WARN HIM.
THERE'S OUR MAN!
FALL UPON HIM!
BUT THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS FIND FU CHANG FIRST.
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN.
YOUR DEATH MR FU CHANG!



BUT THE MAN THEY ATTACK IS A PAST MASTER OF JIU-JITSU.
DO NOT SPEAK IN HASTE, OLD ONE!
HELP!
THUS ARE EVIL PLOTTERS OVER-COME...
FOR A MOMENT, FU CHANG SEEMS TO TRIUMPH AGAINST ODDS..
UGH!
BUT IS STRUCK A COWARDLY BLOW FROM BEHIND.
HERE PUT HIM IN THIS POTATO SACK....
YES, AND WE'LL WEIGHT IT DOWN WITH CHAINS.
NOT EVEN HIS MAGIC WILL LOOSEN THESE CHAINS...
GOOD, AND NOW THE RIVER FOR MR. FU CHANG
THUS ENDS THE CAREER OF FU CHANG,
AND NONE SAW THE DEED.
BUT TAY MING HAS ARRIVED IN TIME TO SEE THE END OF THE FIGHT.
I WONDER IF I'M TOO LATE TO SAVE MY BENEFACTOR?
I MUST SAVE HIM--- THIS KNIFE WILL HELP!



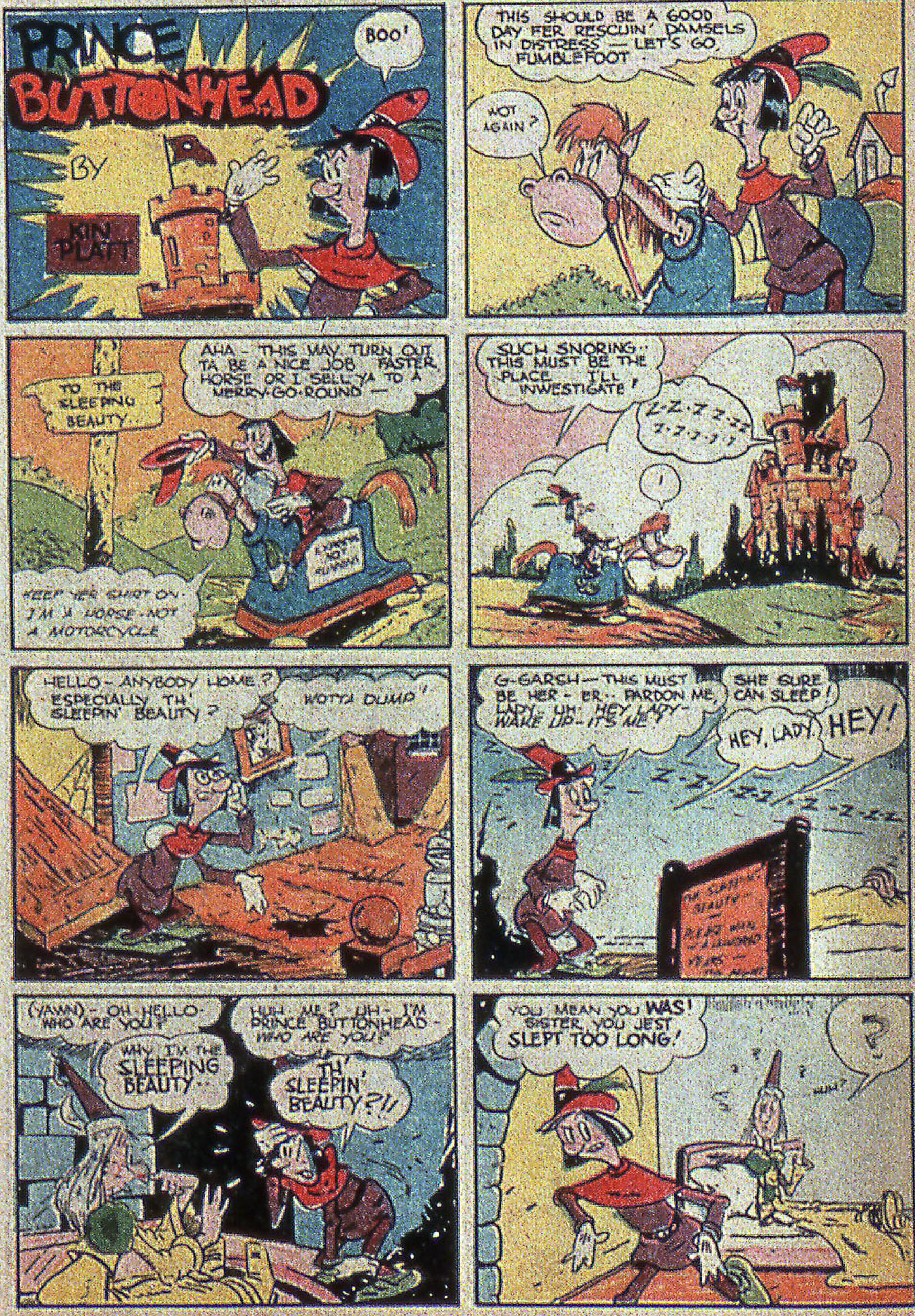
TAY MING PLUNGES TO THE RESCUE.
THE GIRL DIMLY SEES THE SACK IN WHICH FU CHANG HAS BEEN IMPRISONED...
PRAY HEAVEN THAT HE STILL LIVES!
THANKS TO THE FLOWER-LIKE TAY MING FOR SAVING MY LIFE...
IT WAS BUT PROPER, TO RE-PAY THE HONOR-ABLE PROTECTOR OF THE POOR, FU CHANG...
HARKEN WHILE I TELL OF A PLOT AGAINST YOU AND ALL CHINATOWN..
SPEAK ON TAY MING --AND THEN I SHALL ACT AGAINST THE DE-PRAVED ONES!
MEANWHILE- THREE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS RETURN TO THEIR DEN AND COMMENCE A VERY WEIRD-CEREMONY...
FU CHANG IS DESTROYED! NOW TO OUR WORK...
THE SECRET FORMULA TO EVOKE OUR DREAD-FUL MASTER...
I HAVE READ THE SPELL-- -AND NOW-- BEHOLD! THE DEVIL MONSTER TAKES FORM!


MEANWHILE, IN FU CHANG'S SECRET ROOM.
THIS IS MY ROOM OF MAGIC, TAY MING. WATCH AND SAY NOTHING.
I HEAR AND OBEY FU CHANG
GREAT GOD OF MY ANCESTORS --BRING ME AID THROUGH THE MAGIC CHESSMEN OF THE GREAT ALADDIN!
IN RESPONSE TO FU CHANG, THE GOD'S POWER IS EXERTED, AND BEHOLD--A CHESS-FIGURE COMES TO LIFE...
THE IDOL SPEAKS!
CREATURE, AID FU CHANG!
NOT WHEN FU CHANG IS NEAR.
SEE, SHE HURRIES TO SPY OUT THE ENEMY. IS TAY MING AFRAID?
SWIFT AS THOUGHT, THE WINGED SPY COMES TO THE WINDOW OF THE DEVIL CULT.
WE ARE READY TO ACT AT YOUR COMMAND..
OUR MASTER IS WITH US!

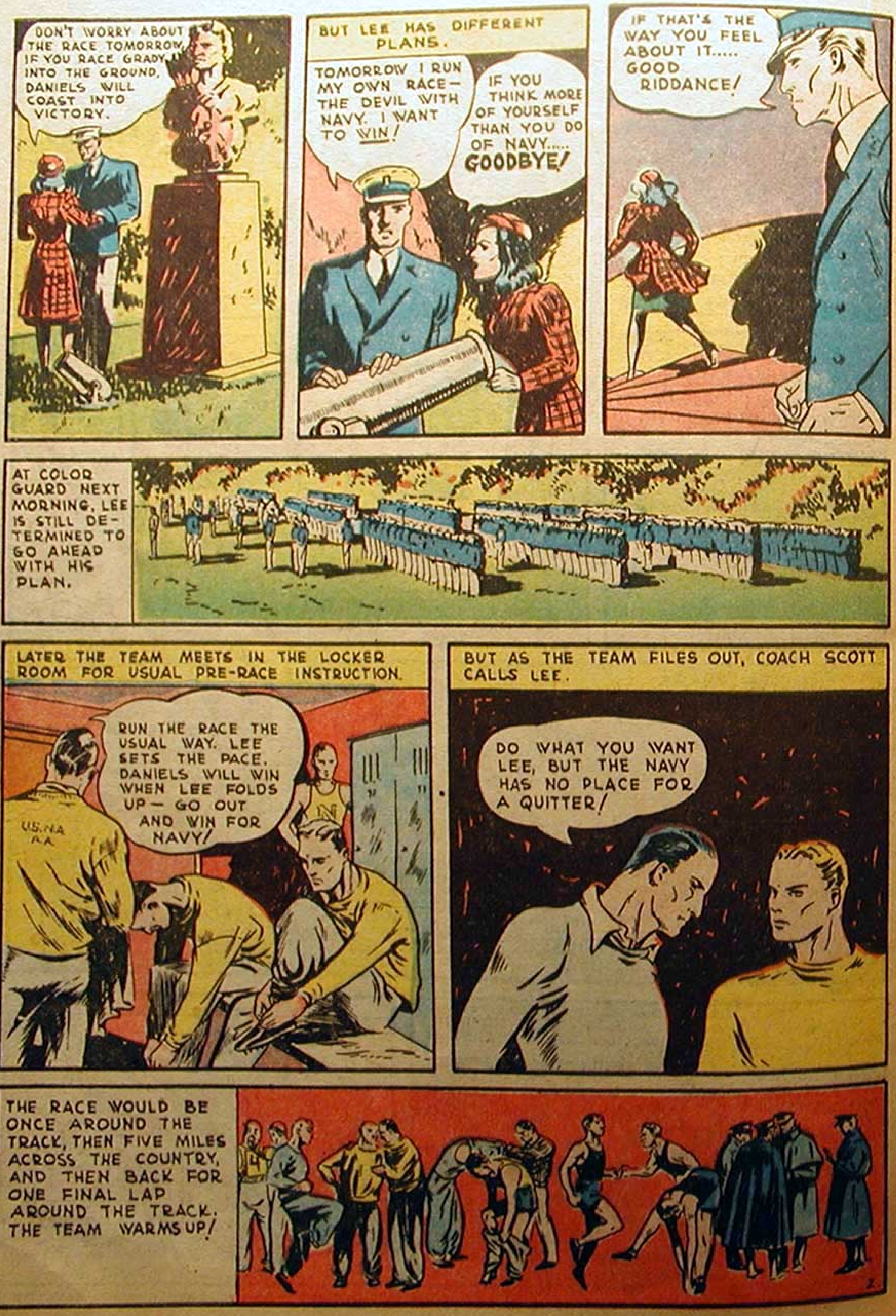

AT MY WILL ALL HUMAN CREATURES STAND MOTIONLESS!..
THEN WE CAN FORCE CHINATOWN TO ACCEPT OUR RULE..
NO--WE CAN FORCE THE WHOLE WORLD.
ONLY FU CHANG ENDANGERS MY RULE.
BUT WE KILLED FU CHANG, MASTER!
NO! HE STILL LIVES --BUT NIGHT FALLS, WE STRIKE!!..
SEE! THEY CANNOT MOVE UNTIL I SAY SO! ALL THE TOWN IS NOW HELPLESS.
OUR HOUR OF SUCCESS HAS COME..
COME, I GO TO DESTROY FU CHANG!
MEANWHILE AT FU CHANG'S..
SEE! OUR MESSENGER RETURNS WITH NEWS.
TELL ME, GOD OF MY FATHERS--WHAT DANGER THREATENS..
GRAVE PERIL, MY SON. EVEN NOW A POWERFUL DEVIL IS AT TH--


EVEN AS THE CHINESE IDOL SPEAKS.
STAND WHERE YOU ARE! YOU'RE NOW UNDER MY POWER.
WHAT HAS HAPPENED. I CANNOT MOVE!..
NOR CAN I!
NEITHER OF YOU WILL EVER MOVE AGAIN.
BUT THE TIGER DEVIL HAS NOT RECKONED WITH FU CHANG'S MAGICAL ALLIES.
WAKEN MAGIC CHESS-MEN! FIGHT THIS THING.
WHAT ARE THESE THINGS? STAND BACK YOU PIGMIES.
DESTROY THEM MASTER!
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND. ---MY POWER CAN DEFEAT ANY HUMAN CREATURE..
BUT WE ARE NOT HUMAN..
FIGHT THEM, MASTER-DESTROY THEM.
I CANNOT! I MUST FIND REFUGE!!
HIS POWER IS BROUGHT TO NOTHING.
DESPERATE, THE TIGER DEVIL DISSOLVES AND SEEKS HIDING.
I MUST HIDE IN THIS VASE...


AT THAT MOMENT, FU CHANG'S STRENGTH COMES BACK.
AND NOW TO PUNISH THESE DEVIL-VILLAINS.
ONE DOWN AND TWO TO GO!
THIS SHOULD TEACH HONORABLE LESSON..
THE FIGHT IS OVER IN BRIEF SECONDS.
NOW TO FASTEN THE LID TIGHT, AND THEN TO DO OUR FINAL DEED.
SEE! THE PEOPLE ARE NO LONGER ENCHANTED.
THAT IS BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE DEVIL IMPRISONED
THE FINAL DEED, TAY MING. CHINESE PROVERB SAY: HE WHO WORSHIP FALSE GOD LIVES FALSE LIFE..
FOR MORE STIRRING ADVENTURES OF
FU CHANG
INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE-READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF...
PEP COMICS


PRINCE BUTTONHEAD
BY
KIN PLATT
BOO!
THIS SHOULD BE A GOOD DAY FER RESCUIN' DAMSELS IN DISTRESS — LET'S GO, FUMBLEFOOT.
NOT AGAIN?
TO THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
AHA — THIS MAY TURN OUT TA BE A NICE JOB. FASTER HORSE OR I SELL YA TO A MERRY-GO-ROUND —
KEEP YER SHIRT ON. I'M A HORSE NOT A MOTORCYCLE
SUCH SNORING. THIS MUST BE THE PLACE. I'LL INVESTIGATE!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z Z-Z-Z-Z
!
HELLO — ANYBODY HOME? ESPECIALLY TH' SLEEPIN' BEAUTY?
WOTTA DUMP
G-GARSH — THIS MUST BE HER — ER.. PARDON ME, LADY. UH. HEY LADY — WAKE UP — IT'S ME!
SHE SURE CAN SLEEP!
HEY, LADY! HEY!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
(YAWN) — OH HELLO. WHO ARE YOU?
HUH, ME? UH — I'M PRINCE BUTTONHEAD. WHO ARE YOU?
WHY, I'M THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
TH' SLEEPIN' BEAUTY?!!
YOU MEAN YOU WAS! SISTER, YOU JEST SLEPT TOO LONG!
?


The
MIDSHIPMAN
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ARMY MEET, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CROSS-COUNTRY COACH.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, LEE?
SIR, I'D LIKE TO REALLY TRY TO WIN THAT MEET TOMORROW.
MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON DISCOVERS THAT THE VICTOR IS NOT ALWAYS THE MAN WHO WINS.
SO DOES THE WHOLE ACADEMY, WE WOULDN'T BE NAVY MEN IF WE DIDN'T.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND SIR, I INTEND TO BREAK THE TAPE MYSELF, I WANT TO BEAT MIDSHIPMAN DANIELS FOR ONCE.
IT CAN'T BE DONE. THE ONLY WAY TO BEAT GRADY OF THE ARMY IS TO FOLLOW THE SCHEME WE'VE ALWAYS USED.
YOU MUST SET THE PACE, WEAR OUT GRADY. THEN IF YOU CAN, YOU WIN. BUT THAT IS NOT HUMANLY POSSIBLE. DANIELS WILL COAST BY TO VICTORY!
IT'S UP TO YOU TO DECIDE, IF BEATING DANIELS IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN NAVY BEATING ARMY!
AFTER LEAVING THE COACH'S OFFICE, LEE WALKS BACK TO THE DORMITORY MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO BEAT DANIELS.
I'M TIRED OF BEING THE GOAT FOR NAVY. I'M BETTER THAN DANIELS AND IF I BEAT HIM, I'LL ALSO BE WINNING FOR NAVY.
LATER HE PHONES MAE DENNIS
ARE YOU BUSY TONIGHT?
NO I'LL MEET YOU AT TECUMSEH'S STATUE.


DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE RACE TOMORROW. IF YOU RACE GRADY INTO THE GROUND, DANIELS WILL COAST INTO VICTORY.
BUT LEE HAS DIFFERENT PLANS.
TOMORROW I RUN MY OWN RACE— THE DEVIL WITH NAVY. I WANT TO WIN!
IF YOU THINK MORE OF YOURSELF THAN YOU DO OF NAVY..... GOODBYE!
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT..... GOOD RIDDANCE!
AT COLOR GUARD NEXT MORNING, LEE IS STILL DETERMINED TO GO AHEAD WITH HIS PLAN.
LATER THE TEAM MEETS IN THE LOCKER ROOM FOR USUAL PRE-RACE INSTRUCTION.
RUN THE RACE THE USUAL WAY. LEE SETS THE PACE. DANIELS WILL WIN WHEN LEE FOLDS UP— GO OUT AND WIN FOR NAVY!
U.S.N.A. A.A.
BUT AS THE TEAM FILES OUT, COACH SCOTT CALLS LEE.
DO WHAT YOU WANT LEE, BUT THE NAVY HAS NO PLACE FOR A QUITTER!
THE RACE WOULD BE ONCE AROUND THE TRACK, THEN FIVE MILES ACROSS THE COUNTRY, AND THEN BACK FOR ONE FINAL LAP AROUND THE TRACK. THE TEAM WARMS UP!
2


BUT BEFORE THE RACE, RAIN BEGINS TO FALL
HOWDY LEE, RUN A GOOD RACE TO-DAY!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, GRADY, I'M OUT TO WIN!
COACH SCOTT SAYS NO MAN CAN TAKE THE LEAD AND HOLD IT FIVE MILES. I'LL SHOW HIM.
THEY'RE OFF!
LEE SURGES IN-TO THE LEAD. DOWN THE TRACK HE RACES WITH THE ARMY AND NAVY RUNNERS AT HIS HEELS.
U.S.N.A. 1 MILE A.A.
LEE HAD SLOWED HIS PACE UNTIL GRADY AND DANIELS WERE BUT A SHORT DISTANCE BEHIND HIM, BUT THE THREE HAD OUT-DISTANCED THE FIELD.
I'M GOING TOO FAST—I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP UP THIS PACE FOR FIVE MILES.
GOSH! THIS WATER IS COLD!
WOW! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO WADE THIS STREAM!
AND HE PLUNGES INTO THE SWOLLEN STREAM.



LEE FORCES HIS WAY OUT OF THE STREAM AS GRADY PLUNGES THROUGH IT!
SECOND CROSSING
ROCKY
FALLS
SILVER CREEK
FIRST CROSSING
CREIGHTON WOODS
BAXTER HILLS
SCALE 1" = 100'
LEE DASHES ON TO THE SECOND CROSSING
WITH THE RACE GOING INTO THE THIRD MILE, GRADY CANNOT LET LEE GET TOO FAR AHEAD. BUT LEE MUST MAINTAIN HIS LEAD AT ANY COST!
AT THE SECOND CROSSING LEE TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE!
HE LEAPS THE ROCK FRINGED STREAM
HELP!
SOME ONE IS HURT AT THE CROSSING. I BETTER GO BACK!
THE ARTERY IS TORN!
DANIELS MISSED THE JUMP AND HURT HIMSELF ON THE ROCKS AT THE STREAM'S EDGE
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF OUR JERSEYS, LEE, FOR TOURNIQUETS.
WITH HIS FRIEND INJURED, LEE REALIZES THAT THE RACE IS NO LONGER IMPORTANT, HELPING DANIELS COMES FIRST.
GO AHEAD- WHO-EVER GETS IN FIRST, SEND BACK HELP FOR DANIELS.
LET'S GO GRADY, WE CAN GET IN BEFORE THOSE OTHERS!
YOU TWO GO AHEAD AND FINISH I'LL BE ALRIGHT NOW.


THE REST HADN'T HELPED— IT HAD TIED UP THE MUSCLES IN THEIR LEGS!
WE BETTER— THAT BANDAGE MAY NOT HOLD VERY LONG!
AS THEY PASSED THE OTHER TWO RUNNERS, LEE'S LEGS AND LUNGS WERE AFIRE, BUT HE KNEW HE HAD TO KEEP ON RUNNING— DANIELS' LIFE WAS AT STAKE!
I'VE GOT TO GET IN-FAST!
5
ARMY AND NAVY BATTLING IT OUT FOR FIRST— WITH A LIFE IN THE BALANCE!
A TIE!
DANIELS IS BACK AT THE RIVER— HURT— GO GET HIM!
LEE GASPS OUT THE STORY TO THE COACH.
YOU AND GRADY BOTH TOOK SIX SECONDS OFF THE RECORD!
YES, BUT A MAN CAN ONLY RUN LIKE THAT FOR A FRIEND OR FOR THE NAVY OR THE ARMY. NEVER FOR HIMSELF!
AND SO, LEE FOUND HE DIDN'T NEED TO WIN TO BE A HERO. HE FOUND THAT VICTORY IS SO MUCH SWEETER WHEN OTHERS INTERESTS ARE HIGHER THAN HIS OWN!
I FOUND OUT TODAY THAT NO MAN CAN BE GREATER THAN HIS TEAM.
I'M SO GLAD YOU DID.
MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE MIDSHIPMAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWS STAND



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"INFANTRYMAN"

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF

BLUE RIBBON COMICS


BENTLEY of SCOTLAND YARD
THE TERROR OF ROCKY POOL
by SAM COOPER
HELP! THE TERROR!
CRIES REND THE NIGHT, JUST OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE OF LITTLE ROCKHAM
TROUBLE AND I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ON HOLIDAY!
INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD, RESTING IN THE VILLAGE HEARS THE AWFUL CLAMOR!
IT'S THE TERROR, SIR--- YOU MAY BANK ON THAT!
AND I THOUGHT ALL MY TROUBLES WERE LEFT BEHIND IN LONDON!
HALT WHOEVER YOU ARE!
I FEAR WE'RE TOO LATE!
TAKE THAT!
BUT BENTLEY'S BLOW FINDS NO SOLID MARK!
HALT! COME BACK!
IT'S NO USE SIR-- IT LIVES IN THAT BOTTOMLESS POOL!


IT'S YOUNG MR. BLAKE SIR,--AND BAD HURT!
HE'S DYING--FROM THAT TINY WOUND! I CAN'T STOP THE BLOOD!
BLAKE'S DEATH IS MOST MYSTERIOUS, INSPECTOR-- THE WOUND WAS LIKE A PINPRICK, BUT FATAL!
WHAT'S THIS TALK ABOUT THE TERROR OF ROCKY POOL?
A LOCAL DOCTOR PRONOUNCES THE VICTIM BLED TO DEATH.
A VAMPIRE--A BLOOD-DRINKING DEMON--IS SUPPOSED TO LIVE THERE
WELL, I'LL LOOK INTO IT
MY LINE DOESN'T TOUCH BOTTOM
AT MIDNIGHT BENTLEY VISITS THE SCENE OF DEATH!
YOU WILL DIE--MEDDLER!
BENTLEY'S CANE WARDS OFF THE FATAL GRIP!
INTO THE WATER YOU GO!
SUNK WITHOUT A TRACE---



THAT HOLE LOOKS LIKE THE WOUND IN BLAKES NECK!
ITS VERY LIKE THE WOUND BUT I FIND NO TRACE OF POISON!
MAYBE IT WASN'T POISON AFTER ALL
NEXT DAY BENTLEY SEEKS THE HOME OF THE DEAD BLAKE NEAR ROCKY POOL
YOU WERE BLAKE'S THREE CLOSEST ACQUAINTANCES-COUSIN UNCLE, FIANCEE!
THATS TRUE, INSPECTOR!
I DONT BELIEVE THIS VAMPIRE STORY ABOUT ROCKY POOL-IT WAS A PLAIN MURDER!
DONT LOOK AT ME-WHY I'D LEFT ALL MY MONEY TO HIM!
ODD THING THAT BAT-WINGED TERROR IS ABOUT YOUR HEIGHT!
BUT WHY SHOULD I HAVE KILLED MY OWN COUSIN?
MISS JOAN EDMUNDS YOU DONT SEEM SORRY THAT BLAKE'S DEAD!
I'LL BE HONEST -- I WAS ENGAGED TO HIM BUT I LOVE HIS COUSIN JOHN!
YES WE LOVE EACH OTHER--BUT WE DIDNT COMMIT MURDER
LOOK OUT INSPECTOR!
THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL


IT WAS CUT ALMOST IN TWO--ALL IT NEEDED WAS A STAMP OF THE FOOT TO MAKE IT FALL ON YOU!
AND SOMEBODY STAMPED A FOOT--WHO?
IF YOU INSINUATE THAT I DID IT-- OR JOAN---
DON'T TRY TO ROUGH UP THE LAW, YOUNG MAN!
INSPECTOR--COME TO MY WORKSHOP--IT WILL BE QUIET THERE.
ALL POLICEMEN ARE NATURALLY BRUTAL!
WATER-BUGS AND LEECHES! VERY INTERESTING!
YES I'M AN AMATEUR BIOLOGIST!
SORRY MY NEPHEW JOHN WAS SO FOOLISH AS TO ATTACK YOU!
YES---HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN MISS JOAN?
SHE'S AN ORPHAN--I REARED HER FROM A LITTLE GIRL. BOTH MY NEPHEWS LOVED HER
I SEE--IS THIS WELL YOUR WATER SUPPLY?
I WARN YOU INSPECTOR-STOP THIS INSULTING INVESTIGATION OF OUR PRIVATE AFFAIRS!
ON THE CONTRARY, I'VE JUST BEGUN!


BENTLEY RETURNS TO ROCKY POOL
IF THE TERROR CAN DO IT I CAN!
SO THE TERROR HAS AN EXIT FROM THIS PLACE!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE STRANGE FIGURE COMES SWIMMING AT BENTLEY!
BUT BENTLEY IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE THING!
IT GOT AWAY-- BUT NOT FOR LONG!
BENTLEY FACES THE SUSPECTS IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE BLAKE HOUSE!
WELL, MR. POLICEMAN?
I KNOW THE SECRET OF THE TERROR- AND WHO MURDERED YOUNG BLAKE!
BENTLEY HAS SOLVED THE MYSTERY
Have You?
MARK YOUR CHOICE FOR THE MURDERER AMONG THESE THREE
Cousin John
Uncle
Joan Edmunds
THEN TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE FOR THE SOLUTION OF INSPECTOR BENTLEY!



COME INTO THE WORKSHOP, ALL OF YOU!
THIS WELL IS THE OTHER END OF THE UNDERWATER EXIT FROM ROCKY POOL!
THESE LEECHES WERE CRUSHED AND THEIR SALIVA USED IN A PUSH-NEEDLE-- A SLIGHT WOUND WOULD BE MADE TO BLEED FATALLY WITH LEECH SALIVA!
BLESS MY SOUL!
THE MURDERER WAS SHORT, BUT THESE ROBES MADE HIM LOOK TALL THE HEAD WAS EMPTY!
YOU DID IT-- YOU LOVED JOAN AND USED THE VAMPIRE LEGEND TO DESTROY YOUR NEPHEW!
WHEN I CAME INTO THE CASE, YOU TRIED TO BLAME YOUR OTHER NEPHEW-- GET HIM OUT OF YOUR WAY!
YOU'VE FOUND OUT--BUT I WON'T BE TAKEN ALIVE!
NOT SO FAST!
SORRY TO HAVE MIS-TRUSTED YOU INSPECTOR! I SHOULD HAVE HELPED!
NOT AT ALL-- IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR SCOTLAND YARD!
LOOK FOR ANOTHER ACTION PACKED ADVENTURE
Featuring BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS